

the Innis Herald

April 2002 - Issue 6

ICSS Gets the Party Started

MICHEL BRACK

The Recap

From our humble beginnings during last year's elections as the "Fresh Funk Party", this year's Innis College Student Society has seen the growth of the Innis Community from sporadic support and interaction at college events to attendance en masse and a fresh vibe that carries with it the flavour of Innis goodness, that down-home feeling of coming back from being out with the crew, taking off your uncomfortable dancing shoes, and preparing some noodles and powder broth. The endless evenings of talking about nothing, the undeniable excitement of being out with people you respect and love—these are the things that I will most cherish about being an Innis student.

We end our year the way we started it: with an incredible cruise aboard a beautiful ship. This time it will be the Empress of Canada, a three-deck ship that four hundred of us will rock and bump on while cruising around the Toronto Islands. It is a fitting end to a year of hard work and dedication from those serving on the I.C.S.S. government, as it symbolizes all that we hope to have accomplished and worked towards. Students from first to fourth year will be in attendance, commuters and residents, partying together at a truly "Innis" event.

This year's I.C.S.S. aimed to foster the environment necessary for Innis students to make the social connections they needed to enjoy life at U of T, and to work together with the Innis Residence Council to coordinate events well. A constructive view of our respective councils is that we share the same goal: to build the Innis community. Through budgetary responsibility and cooperation, the I.R.C. and the I.C.S.S. have been able to throw this end of year party together—neither would be able to carry the cost alone. It is hoped that future councils will see the results of such cooperation and improve upon it.

You've all heard about the successful Orientation Week, the insanely attended Pub Nights, the lovely formal, and the hot merchandise that this year's I.C.S.S. have created. The sports reps and team captains have set a solid foundation for next year's competitors, and CINSSU and

Innis Allure Fashion Show 2002



Allure Fashion Show

MICHELLE WONG

If you were anywhere around Innis Residence or Innis College on the weekend of March 2, then you couldn't help but notice the buzz and excitement in the air. Models, organizers, emcees, stage crew, and make-up artists were busy putting on Allure 2002 fashion show. The second consecutive year that it has been at Innis, the Allure fashion show once again donated all its proceeds to Camp Oochigeas, a camp for children with cancer.

This year, the fashion show featured fourteen scenes full of cool music and stylish clothes. There was something for all tastes as the music ranged from "Footloose" to "The Next Episode" and the clothes were provided from stores that included Tristan & America, Nike, and Jetrage. The show ran for two nights, both of which were completely sold out. The crowd, admittedly more lively on the second evening, was spurred on by the infectious enthusiasm of Joseph Rah and Rose Rizek, the two emcees. Their antics included an Innis cheer, getting members of the audience to do the moonwalk, and even a short but admirable breakdancing demo from Joe.

Among the many crowd pleasing scenes were the humorous Skater scene, the impressive breakdancing demonstration, and the fun-filled Battle scene. "It was a strangely erotic night," one stage hand laughed, and most would have agreed with her. From the edgy Underground scene (with miniskirts best described as "barely existent") to the lingerie-filled Sleep scene (where it was nice to see the guys strip down for a change), the crowd responded receptively to the sexy clothes, funky music, and stylish choreography. All of the scenes reflected the high creativity and hard work of the choreographers and models, and both shows ran smoothly due to the collective effort of everyone involved. Congratulations, Innis, on the great success of our second annual charity fashion show!

ENSU have had their most successful years ever. The thing that I love most about Innis this year, is that even when we throw a relatively bad party (Casino Lounge, Primrose Pub Night), at least a hundred of you STILL show up and have good time. That is really amazing.

The Lengthy Shout-outs

It is impossible for me to write about this year's ICSS without getting personal, because the people I've been able to meet over the past year through my involvement with the college have really changed me greatly. Have any of you ever had a conversation with Principal Frank Cunningham? Go talk to him sometime. He sat me down for a coffee last autumn while my life was crumbling around me and gave me some of the best advice I ever heard, not because it was advice but because he shared with me some of his really interesting life experiences that I completely learned from and related to.

If any of you ever need to throw a good party, you should get to know Jen and Kirsten, because not only are they the most responsible and successful social reps in

the universe, they are also incredibly cool (fashionable and stylish!) and they let you know when you're being a big dork. Kirsten was the foxy one in the fashion show, Jen's the hot blonde that will be next year's I.C.S.S. Vice-President.

Nobody has done more for future orientation efforts than Michael Jackson and Zoe Lancaster. In her other incarnation, future R.A. Kate Rusnak (also Boogie Night's metallica death metal singer) is an organizational superhuman, with energy and spunk to flip unsuspecting first years from shy frosh into partying Innis animals. Zoe Lancaster makes her lithe appearance next year as the I.C.S.S. internal officer, so look for her minutes posted on the website in the future.

Mike Lewis is not just an athlete. He is an icon of the Innis sports scene. He has been invaluable to us this year as our resident Pub Night bouncer, and ladies beware—we watched this Jamaican funkster wiggle his hips to reggae and soca with Kimy at the last pub night, and let me tell you, this man can MOVE! Ed has represented the sports scene well with his contributions to the Innis Herald and his back-up bouncer support. Julia has been the

continued on next page

SECTIONS

arts & lit	3
entertainment	6
film	11
opinion	14

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continued from the previous page

most responsible female sports rep ever, and is currently whipping the other two boys together to get the sports banquet on the go.

Natasha and Janel are roommates, and it's not surprising to see that they must have influenced each other, because they are responsible for putting out the best Innis merchandise yet and carrying on with the under appreciated task of publishing the Innis Herald. Natasha put out those clothes under her own direction, she just signed up for the job and did it, which in the world of student councils, is a really sure-fire sign that you've got solid property working with you. Janel will be editing the spelling mistakes in this article, and for completing that task alone the woman deserves a medal.

Ever wondered who does those groovy pit postings and newsletters? That's none other than Andria Lepcha, our Asian ads & pubs girl who has infected all of us boys with yellow fever, and kept her helper, first year hoodlum/student Neil Rea out of trouble and in the office, toiling away at scary Halloween and funky breaker pub night posters. Neil will be continuing his work next year with the spicy Korean hotty Vicki Kim in Ads & Publicity.

Visit surf.to/icss right now and you'll see the handiwork of DJ Kongee Kuts (Frank) and his mad accomplice, Matt, as they maintain a very professional looking website. Frank and Matt are two of the most intelligent and sincere guys I've met at Innis, and they are also full of worldly knowledge. If you ever need to know anything about finding Simpsons episodes or anything else related to the internet, talk to these guys.

Our first year reps, Justin and Brook, came through in every way for us: staying late to help clean up, post flyers, run pick up errands, and generally be incredibly helpful. Get to know these two handsome tigers, because next year they will be running every party you attend at the ICSS.



social reps.

WUSC found its proper representation with Ben, who fought for the WUSC student's rights with passion. While the student was unable to come because of a positive test for a certain medical condition, Ben will continue to support next year's rep, Hando, as he works to welcome another guest to our country.

Andrea and Karen coordinated a very successful GRADitude campaign that raised funds for the college, and did it in that ever-so-infatuating chino-armenian style which they are famous for...

Sean Rogers has served and will continue to serve as the ever-reliable CINSSU rep on council, with a perfect attendance record to match his perfectly maintained sideburns. Groovy baby!

Rose Rizek has become one of those people that you just can't help but thinking of when you think of Innis. She's been first year rep, internal officer, and internal officer again in her service to the ICSS, and will be Grad Rep next year with Esther Chan. Her roommate Becky Lee put the cash in \$\$\$\$CASHMONEY\$\$\$ this year as treasurer. I am in love with Becky and Rose. They are the two best things that have happened to me in four years. I've replaced my cereal with morning kimchee and my evening dinner with falafel in order to make myself more culturally appealing to these two fine women, but I think I'll have to settle with adoration from afar.

My right hand woman (and sweet rear bootyie gal) Kimy has introduced me to the pleasures of Trinidad: lateness for all appointments, irresistibly raucous laughter, and hours upon hours of the joys of talking about NOTHING AT ALL!!! Kimy will be pres next year, so look



ICSS Election Results 2002-2003 Executive

President	Kimberly Philip
Vice President	Jennifer Goode
Treasurer	Amy Yu
Internal Officer	Zoe Lancaster
Social Reps	Brooke McWilliams Justin Pierre
Ads & Pub	Neil Rea Vicki Kim
Orientation	Bryan McLeese Lynne Crocker
Female Athletics	Caroline Kaemena
Coed Athletics	Kendra Naidoo
Male Athletics	Andria Lepcha
Clubs & Merch.	Elena Chan
Grad Reps	Esther Chan Rose Risek
WUSC	Hando Kang
CINSSU	Sean Rogers
Webmasters	Rita Chen Graham Budd

forward to a happy council throwing excellent jams for all of yuh.

The Thank You

I'm really sorry. I know that it's very self-important of me to take this column as an opportunity for a big love-in of shout outs, but you have to know how much these people have meant to me over the year. For much of the year I had to walk in the proverbial valley, but these people were the break I needed from my life to keep remembering how good

things can be. I often say Innis has given me everything for the past few years; the truth is these people have, and I cannot thank them enough for sharing so many good times with me.

I can't leave with anything profound or inspiring, so all I can say is this: Thank you to all of you who make up the Innis community and who have shown so much love to me over the years. See you all on the year-end boat cruise April 12 and good luck on exams!

Michel Brack is the 2001-2002 president of the Innis College Student Society



Gently Spring Forward

MARI CHIJIWA

Time flies by so quickly. Or perhaps we are the ones moving too quickly to even notice?

Well, time is still ticking... and it ain't stopping...

We are now encountering the last issue of the Innis Herald for the 2001/2002 school term. It's quite interesting reflecting back on the events that went on during the year and how they have impacted us in both space and time. This year has definitely brought many changes in my life, but throughout the positive and negative alterations, there lies a balance that I only got used to this year. For the first time in a long time, I have been able to get back in touch with my artis-

tic side alongside the academic commitments here at U of T. Although my time spent as the editor for the Arts/Literature section was short, it was a definite experience in itself. I'm looking forward to kicking the Herald back in gear in September and once again growing through my university years here at U of T. I would like to give special appreciation to everyone who contributed to the Herald this school term. It's the expression of each individual that makes this world so interesting to live in. Perhaps in a more relaxed state, everyone will be able to write more comfortably and thus, contribute more freely next term. Have an enjoyable summer and keep the creative juices flowing.

The Music Man

MARYAM YEGANEHI

Once again the historic Hart House Theatre opened its doors to U of T students, families and friends and created a warm gathering of all, filling the environment with joy and excitement. This time, however, this theatre welcomed the biggest show of the year, *Meredith Wilson's The Music Man*, presented by University College Follies. This musical play was held from January 31st to February 9th, 2002 and it had a great turn out. The director of the play was Mark Selby who, by putting his time and effort to this production, made it an exceptional one.

This production consisted of two Acts, with nine scenes in each, accompanied with series of musical classics which gave a special colour and life to it. The play starts when the main character, Harold Hill, who is a traveling salesman, comes by a small town, called the River City, set in mind to sell a boys band without having to teach the citizens of the town how to play. However his encounter with the mayor of the town ends up raising more hate and suspicions in mayor towards him. Finally he falls in love with the librarian of the town, Marian, who is suspicious of him at the begin-

ning, but as time goes on, she finds a special value in him and in what he brought to the River City. She realizes that he is her true love which she was long looking for.

Besides all the excitement and fun of the show, *The Music Man* production was also a support for UC Follies which is a company that produces several musicals for U of T. It was the dedication and the hard work of the cast and crew of this production along with the support of U of T's community that made this musical show a huge success. Congratulations to the cast and staff of this musical show who, by their outstanding production, brought ten days of excitement to Hart House Theatre once again.

Innis Merchandise

Innis has some hoodies and T's with a hot new logo. Pick up yours at the ICSS office or email: icssweb@hotmail.com

Hoodies	\$30	Black & Navy
T-Shirts	\$15	Black & Navy
Shot Glasses	\$5	Necessary

Premonition of Inertia A Neat Place To Be

LAURA BIL

Last nights and last minute papers, moving toward inertia - every muscle in my body is ready for action this time of year. I can only imagine the groovy things I'll be doing when I've finished that final paper. So? Instead of doing anything artful and getting my mind all full up with yet more creative ideas, I went to a fundraiser/dance party to empty my head out instead.

Dubbed "Premonition", the party was for The OOmph!! Group's new show called "Inertia" being performed at the Theatre Centre in April. Premonition featured video art by Cathy GordonMarsh (including the feature of subtle wit "a day in the life of my right hand") and an interactive installation in the middle of the space, with set dressing from Inertia. You could grab videotapes of the OOmph!! Group's ventures into performance history and sit back on the forum styled steps to peruse the party at leisure while pretending to cogently watch tapes of experimental theatre.

This interior P-mod campfire conjured up the feelings I get while watching the kind of theatre The OOmph!! Group is known for. But this time I could play in the space too. Mind you without a lengthy rehearsal period myself, I floated around the dance floor in a half trance state, listening to circles of conversation with no particular commitment, listening to music with hungry ears always wanting to hear more. People smiled. I liked that. Nice people with soft voices and

immanent laughter.

Kevin J.D. Rees, OOmph!! Group member said hello. He'd just done the show, "I Like You" at Rhubarb! - an improvised piece with Sean MacMahon (plays Chekov in Inertia). Kevin said it was an amazing experience, his ego didn't get in the way at all and it went so well they are developing it further for SummerWorks, the theatre festival in August.

I spoke to Inertia's director, Chad Dembski, too. Chad tells me this remount is a lot different from the workshop performance I saw last year at Canada dell'Arte Studio. They moved further from the source material - Anton Chekhov's creative process while writing *Three Sisters* - and found a more original narrative structure. In this year's version, we fol-

low the journey of three sisters living in an abandoned hospital during a snowstorm. Chad says with the story being more concrete, they had a stronger foundation to fully incorporate multimedia and film with performance.

If you have a chance to see any of these shows or to take part in a fundraiser this summer, go for it. It maybe just what you need to disrupt your own personal inertia, when all the work is done, and get the summer started right.

Inertia by The OOmph!! Group, Directed by Chad Dembski
April 5- 14 at The Theatre Centre
1087 Queen St W., 416-538-9411
Tuesday - Saturday 8 p.m., Sunday 2:30 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.
\$15 (Tuesday and Sunday P.W.Y.C.)



photo by LENA KOH

Showdown Saloon

February 28 - March 2 @ the Tranzac Club
An original musical written by: Colin Oliver, Christina Wong, and Melissa Fraser
Conceived by: Holly Johnson
Music by: Ennio, Colin Oliver, and Christina Wong

JASON MONTOJO
This "rock-western" comedy musical is about an exiled cowboy, Joshua [played by Joshua Jones], who has returned to his hometown to prove his innocence and to reclaim his love, Georgia [Leslie Flanigan]. The only thing that stands in Joshua's way is the Sheriff [Enio Chiola] of the town, who has also set his eye on Georgia.
- Description given by the St. Michael's College Student Union website

If you think that getting

an undergraduate degree at UoT is fairly challenging, how much harder do you think it would be if you were also writing and producing a musical at the same time? If you really want to know, ask the St. Michael's College Drama Society (SMCDS). For the past eight months, this daring group of UoT students pieced together from scratch all of the various elements that are involved in modern musical productions. Everything from set construction, to the writing of the script, the score and the lyrics, was done by the students, despite the looming deadlines of various exams and assignments.

photo by JASON MONTOJO

"Who would have thought writing a musical from scratch would be difficult? Countless hours of writing, re-writing, reading, re-writing, rehearsing, and re-writing have shown

us that life certainly is a journey and not a destination."

- Christina Wong and Colin Oliver

I have to admit, this is the first musical I have seen performed by the SMCDS. Although there was no 101-

string orchestra in a pit beneath the stage, the music was still impressive. A fitting combination of guitar, bass, keyboard and harmonica dictated the mood throughout the night with an upbeat hippie cowboy feel. On top of that, the bolo ties, the leather vests,

and of course, the cowboy hats added to the whole western Atmosphere of the production. All in all, Showdown Saloon was excellently planned, written and executed.

For more information about upcoming SMCDS productions, contact theatre@smcscu.com.



Gourmet Reconsidered

MARI CHIUJIVA
Consider the following recipe for a moment:

- 1 Top Banana
- 1 Chocolate Pudding
- 1 Crushed Pineapple
- 1 Strawberry Jam
- 1 I Fry Cherry
- 1 A&W® Cream Soda

In Jelly Belly terms, this is the recipe for a "Banana Split". The true directions read: "For true Jelly Belly flavour eat one (jelly) bean at a time, or be creative and combine flavours for a unique gourmet treat." I find this concept sort of silly. I mean, gourmet jelly beans?! But at the same time, I find the connection between art and food quite fascinating.

At 5:30am on December 11th, 2001, the first *Krispy Kreme* in Canada opened its doors to the hungry and anticipating civilians in Mississauga. What are *Krispy Kreme*s? Good question. I may sound naïve, but I really didn't know what *Krispy Kreme*s were

until a friend had informed me of the grand opening. Perhaps this is due to the fact that I am Canadianized and in the least manner Americanized. But, I hold no shame. Besides, they're just donuts... right? Here's my story...

A few days ago, I awoke before my mother left the house. Her last words before she slammed the entrance door shut were, "Oh, and there are some *Krispy Kreme* donuts on the kitchen counter, so help yourself". Somehow the words *Krispy Kreme* set off an alarm in my brain much louder than my own alarm clock, to get out of bed. Word had been spread about massive lineups outside the *Krispy Kreme* store, so I thought I was going to have to wait at least a few months before all the craziness had settled. But no, the day had finally come for me to get a taste of all the hype that had been engraved into me about these donuts. The box was lying flat on the kitchen counter

in a clear plastic bag. What intrigued me the most (after the whole experience) is how inventive and artistic *Krispy Kreme* holds its products and promotions. There's something about the logo that reminds me of cake icing, which automatically makes me crave for something sweet. And, all the minute dots that surround the *Krispy Kreme* logo just add to the commercial effect. Although the packaging is simple, it gives the impression of something delightful inside. The thin rectangular box allows all 12 donuts to be neatly placed inside not showing any sign of deformation. This, to me, is a symbol of an added touch of care in ensuring the *Krispy Kreme* donuts stay in tact. An aesthetic bonus in keeping the *Krispy Kreme* quality image, I suppose.

Although it may seem like I am rooting for *Krispy Kreme* donuts all the way, I'm not. Yes, there are 15 donut flavours including the "*Krispy Kreme* Original

Glazed", but taste-wise, I didn't experience anything formidable. I suppose I have yet to try the other flavours before I make a concrete decision, but there isn't anything necessarily pushing me forward. *Krispy Kreme*'s tactic of luring more consumers by the slogan, "When the hot light is on, our hot original glazed doughnuts are rolling off the line" somewhat implies a fast-food and mass-produced form of food. However, there are parts of *Krispy Kreme* that put its image high, through this unique art form. The so-called gourmet snack trend is increasingly popular these days and could put food on an unimaginable level. What could be next? Gourmet potato chips? You never know what the futures holds. Just remember not to let your eyes lose sight of the true taste of what you're eating. Come on. We're not all that superficial, are we?

Eclecticism at Its Best

NATASHA REID

The Art Gallery of Ontario's exhibition of *Ultrabaroque Aspects of Post-Latin American Art* exposes us to a world unexplored by most. The themes are complex and extremely confronting. Fifteen artists share their views on a number of issues dealt with in contemporary Latin America. The main impetus for the exhibition is the Portuguese and Spanish colonization of the Americas which imported Baroque art to Latin America.

Ultrabaroque takes the idea of Baroque frivolity into the works of the individual artists. Eclecticism of Baroque art is seen in the mingling of themes and mediums. This is exemplified in works such as Jamex de la Torre and Einar de la Torre's "The Source: Virgins and Crosses", which deals with the Passions of Christ and the destruction of contemporary youth in blown glass and what appears to be "fun-fur". They

look at concepts explored in Baroque art, yet they do not let us forget where the influence came from. They take the ideas behind the Baroque style and morphs them into an anti-bourgeois display. *Ultrabaroque* not only crosses borders, but allows opposing sides to converse with each other. This is seen in Lia Menna Baretto's "Melted Dolls with Flowers", which appears as a drapery with dainty, beautiful patterns at first glance. But with a closer look, grotesque, distorted, melted baby-dolls emerge.

The exhibition delves into individual perspectives on cultural identities. Religion unexpectedly merges with the grotesque. Popular culture mixes with Latin tradition. Ideals are banished and eclecticism is explored. Each work could be analyzed for hours. This diverse exhibition is definitely a must-see.

AGO January 31-April 28
Free Wednesday evenings

ambience

COREY KATZ

I watched as walls of pure silence fell all around me
Melting like two notes into one
Flashing as they fell, strobing
then I was rising to the dissonance
Where sonic gel surrounded me and tingled in my ears
12-tone scales played against each other like some
sort of
disharmonious
tennis match
vibrating, shimmering
micro-tones breeding semi-micro-tones
until sound simply exists

I burrow my way further, pulling pitches into place
echoing off the surrounding tsunami - a tidal wave of
aural disturbance

these are body sounds
a beat of my small heart in this womb
the subsonic sound of my creator's heart
they cacaphonize until they are one
beats per minute equal
metronomes in synch
and then my beat moves on
on its own way, on to life

The Insomniac's Curse
J. F. KRYST

Caused me to be awake
To the revulsion of rush-hour
Where phallic foallic foals
in Capitalistic (unconformystic) uniform
slavishly Driving to work for jewels
of family & money & Power
and of course the 'significant Other'
just to be cool & amused, but never a *Mused*...
To numbly 'sleepwalk through their daily life'
Never feeling the deep sting of inward strife
Too blinded by their impenetrable crowd\$kin

Where can I begin
piercing that desensitized Shield's shade
underwhich social Repression does invade
corrupting Compassion with natural evils
every Perversely healthy speck of psyche
Towering overhead, giant glass-boxes; erections
of PoPulations
like an ant-colony Metaphorized for a cellular organism
which in turn Metamorphosized into the gigantic urbanism
in whose vein Like streets suited blood chases its natural goals
gaining technological momentum, maintaining a steady stream of Foals
regurgitating (Other's) ideas in disgust, mess, crowdlike foolishness!

But soon the sky swoops in a turmoil of clouds ... all slipping into darkness
& The street lights turn on, & the office lights stay on, as exploiters sweep on
& I reflect on past the dearly departed crowd—into machine consumed
Underground & in suburban streets, numbly entertain'd., subdued
gone From before our collective eyes, I suddenly feel subsumed
in the congregation of Unfortunates & other miserable freaks
all basking in the glory of the untamed weekNight
stealing the most expensive of streets During daylight
now time so slowly Moons across the earth
so Calm, until the bars release by law's premise
Assumed the *Somatosed* bar-flock must soon wake & work
& Thus on its path

Lustmord (The Altruists)

BILL HULME

Indeed, under the law almost everything is purified with blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sins. — It is in this manner, undoubtedly, that we are to understand those passages of Scripture also in which we are commanded to love our neighbour, even our enemy. — Now an action done from duty must wholly exclude the influence of inclination and with it every object of the will. . . . and consequently the maxim that I should follow this law even to the thwarting of all my inclinations.

I
Rich and white, her lace to fall
And falling rest upon the floor.
It gathers at the sides to form
The outline of her modest slip.

Soft and sweet, her perfumes all,
Arrayed upon the oak armoire,
Contained within the coloured glass
That holds the light from shaded lamps.

Carefully she combs her hair,
A slender hand, an ivory comb.
Patiently the Virgin stares;
The seven sorrows pierce her heart.
This, of course, is clearly shown
Through the limner's subtle art.

The curtains lend a shade of cream
To the stillness of the air
She smiles; she knows he is there.
She sits and, smiling,
She combs the golden filaments of hair.

II.
The contusion spreads, deep and red,
From the jaw's loose hinge to the sternal head.
The throat is cut; a transverse incision,
Severs the carotid with precision.

The breast exposed reveals a bruise,
The aspect of a hand whose
Five long fingers stain the skin;
The capillaries burst within.

The viscera are neatly displayed,
The skin pulled back from the medial plane;
Lower still there's a cavity,
The sign of a hasty hysterectomy.

The Sortowful Lady stares passively.
Fate no longer the flame that consumes me.
The footprints lead to the open door.
This is not the death I long for;
Footsteps echo through the stillness of night.
It comes with too much pleasure and delight.

Io

JELENA PETROVIC

I'm so out of focus
it would be a pity
to tune me,
I'm so much more [beautiful]
as a blur.

i don't do titles, man

JELENA PETROVIC

I once heard a philosopher say
"The breach of misunderstanding is too wide
There can be no...debate."
And I thought this was just...
I mean whoa, man.

We played chess on the bathroom floor,
champagne was chilling in the bathtub to the left.

And I thought to myself
...a nice addition to the chest hair
is the gold chain...to show that you are a man of hair,
sublime nonsense.

Hey I got another one for you;
Father Time is the richest make believe character that
never lived...

I have problems you know, with birds and things.
They chase me. I yell at them. Nothing.
They've got no respect for the music.

Maybe you could help me...
I've tried nothing and I'm all out of ideas.

patty

SARA KAMIN

it's all about forgiveness
because nobody's crying
we're all just makin' pies
and i'm still standing
even here

i'm crazy
i deny every little bit
and i'm only half a person now
regarding mary

mother of god, it's night now
and still nobody's crying
except christina
everyone else is just racing in the streets
stolen cars
no signs left of sea shells or silver bells

i take it with me to tony
he's on top of the world
riding along a twisted road
and he says we are water
we have to learn to let him fly
i say i'll go now, goodbye
i'm off to find one big love
away beyond the blue

superDickinsonic delight

J. F. KRYST

"Hope is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—"
'Tis a figment of chemistry—a hormone—
Released in darkness—fly—be-gone—

"Both hope & anguish exist within human reach"
Told me a hole'd prisoner
"I draw upon them every indistinguishable hour
As I dip my toes in the imminent wave
Breaking on the rocks of my inward beach"

Gorillaz Take on Toronto

JENNIFER KIM and GREGOR LAWSON

EMI/Parlophone
The Docks
February 23rd

We had purchased our tickets weeks earlier, not because we were huge fans, but out of pure curiosity. How was a non-existent, non-human band, going to pull off a live concert? When trying to explain the concept to friends, I would insist, "They're like Prozac...only cooler."

2D, Murdock, Russell and Noodle, collectively known as the Gorillaz, are possibly the most interesting and unlikely band to play Toronto this year, because for those that missed the media hype, the band members are in fact cartoons.

The band was the product of the collective imaginations of Blur front man, Damon Albarn and "Tank Girl" creator, Jamie Hewlett. Hewlett created the highly stylized characters while Albarn took the opportunity to dabble into more stylistically diverse genres of music, previously untapped in his work with Blur. Drafting the help of leftfield hip-hop producer/genius Dan "The Automator" (Handsome Boy Modeling School/Dr Octagon), underground M.C. Del tha Funkee Homosapien, and a range of other collaborators joined to create a mix of rock, hip-hop, dub and punk combined with catchy pop hooks - Gorillaz was born.

The concept was an entertaining one, and the music became an astonishing success. Yet, how would a live concert, where audiences pay good money to see artists perform, fare for these 2-dimensional musicians? Toronto would be the first to find out, as The Docks was chosen to launch their very first North American tour.

The venue was transformed into an impressive technical display. A huge white screen - which the actual musicians played behind - upon which coloured-lights, hypnotic graphics and reels of animation were projected. Other screens set up around the venue displaying a live feed of the ac-

tual event to accommodate the over 2,500 attendees, who couldn't get a good view. We were close enough to see the screen and images, but for those farther back, they really didn't miss much.

The sound was amazing with heavy bass running through our clothing and the interludes of animation shorts were wonderfully entertaining. As for the actual performance, there was something unsatisfying about the whole thing. Music aside, a concert is much more enjoyable when you see the performers' actual faces, instead of brief glimpses of their silhouettes from behind a screen. It felt ridiculous to be 'rocking out' in front of a screen, which is why very few did. It seemed as though we had paid to see a light show rather than a concert, where instead of enjoying the music we were straining to get a better view thinking, "Was that Damon's arm I just saw? That's Del jumping around isn't it?" The concert itself was very cur and dry with little variation in the performance from what is on the CD. And despite the extended cheers and applause after the show, there was no encore leaving eager patrons confused until the house lights came on, asserting that the show was in fact, over.

There wasn't much to be gained by being at the show that could have been experience in a movie theatre or at home on DVD. We suspect that the people behind the screen probably had a much better time than those in front of it.

In a press conference earlier that day, Dan "the Automator" was asked why they had chosen Toronto to kick off their North American tour, to which he jokingly quipped, "We heard you guys were forgiving here." That's for sure, Dan. That's for damn sure.

HH

Editor's note: my memorable Gorillaz concert moment - security jumping off the bar to break up a fight in the crowd. Avoid The Docks as a concert venue...if a band is really all that good...they won't play at The Docks.

Jennifer Kim is first year Life Sciences and Gregor Lawson is an exchange student in third year Chemistry.

Rufus Wainwright Matinee Idol Poised for Success

VANESSA MEADU

Dream Works/Universal
Convocation Hall
February 10th

Rufus leans on the microphone, centre stage. After passionately beseeching his "evil angel" to see his "depth of sorrow," he is quite worn out. His hair has come loose around his face; he drinks thirstily from his wineglass, slowly surveying the cheering audience that crowds the venue to capacity. Convocation Hall has never been this entertaining. This is Rufus Wainwright's biggest headlining show ever in Toronto, and he knows it. He mockingly pulls the requisite rock star poses (coincidentally, the name of his most recent album), and these look a little misplaced coming from such a successful diva like himself. As the show opens, Rufus stands in the spotlight, cracking, "This is a little like the Elephant Man... Exhibit A: Rock Star." Laughter and cheers erupt from the crowd, setting the tone for what will be an engaging, hilarious and utterly musical show.

The first time I saw Rufus play was in 1998 at Trinity-St. Paul's church. The atmosphere was perfect, if not somewhat ironic: sacred space didn't stop the flow of sarcastic remarks and dirty jokes. The perfection lay in the beauty and simplicity of the music. Because when it comes down to it, Rufus's songs speak of all things human, and if he brings up the darker, dirtier side of things, it's because they hold as much weight as anything beautiful.

Convocation Hall was a similarly perfect, though less tongue-in-cheek, venue. Of all the young pop artists working today, Rufus particularly deserves a concert-hall atmosphere; his music is orchestral, cinematic, choral, theatrical, and most definitely about performance.

As the show unfolded, I couldn't help but notice how personal his performance has become. Songs were interspersed with onstage banter, secret revelations, complaints, and confessions all indicating that Rufus was definitely comfortable with himself and with the

crowd. This level of comfort was achieved as the evening progressed, with the help of a bottle of wine, the support of his on-stage companions and his loving audience. The beginning of the show, in fact, was slightly boring, in an all-too-technically-perfect way. The songs were executed flawlessly, the harmonies were exact, and the performance was little more than a faithful presentation of his studio albums. But as Rufus loosened up, so did his performance, in a good way. Backed by a five-piece band (including his sister Martha on guitar and vocals and Teddy Thompson - who also performed as the opening act - "on guitars and cute," as Rufus put it), Rufus's enigmatic personality shone through as he played. Some wrong notes and clever improvisations were clear indicators of his relaxed mood. He may have lost his polished edge, but the show had definitely become more interesting.

HHH

Vanessa Meadu is a first year English and Political Science student.

Jann Arden Symphony of Emotion

NINA HAIKARA
Universal
March 14th
Massey Hall

"Just when you think you're this fucking close to Celine Dion," cried Jann Arden in mock-anguish, describing to the audience how a scalper tried selling her a ticket earlier that day...to her own show.

I'm not the first person to say (nor the last), that to buy a ticket to an Arden concert, is a "two for one" deal - half musical performance, half stand-up comedy routine.

Arden was inundated with bouquets of flowers, accepting the first bunch and declaring herself, Miss Barrie, Ontario. "As Miss Barrie, I promise to keep Yonge Street safe..." she said in high-pitched voice, to the laughter of the audience.

It could be said that this time, it was a "three for one," show. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra (TSO) accompanied Arden and her band members. Local symphonies are supporting Arden at

each stop in her Canadian tour.

It's as though Arden had planned for this all along. The orchestral arrangements were perfectly matched and placed for each song - emotions soaring high on the harp, or low on the base. Never did it sound out of range, or awkward. Familiar singles, *I Would Die for You*, *Sound Of*, and *Intensive*, never sounded better.

The TSO also acted as source of play for Arden. She questioned them between songs, having various sections perform whatever came to mind - this included the music to *Jaws* and *2001 Space Odyssey*.

Perfect comedic timing is matched with equal turns to seriousness. There is no middle ground in Arden's music. Either you're happy (*Thing for You*) or downright depressed (*Sorry for Myself*). Arden herself told the audience how close laughter is to crying.

Hanging by a Thread, undoubtedly Arden's most emotional song was written about her eldest brother who is serving a life-

sentence for murder. The weeping strings and the final notes of the harp, added the final haunting notes. "I miss you all/I wish I was/with you now/I wish I was..."

Encores are so predictable. My only complaint is that *Good Mother* should have been left for the encore, rather than (the equally beautiful, but less upbeat) *Unloved*.

Having listened to Arden's music for nearly a decade and now, having seen my fourth performance, there was a distinct difference walking away from the "symphony" tour. I laughed every time she spoke and wanted to cry every time she sang. However, the realization that I was wearing mascara prevented me from letting myself go on the latter. I can always cry (mascara free) along to my Arden CDs...but it may never sound, or feel, as sweet.

HHHH

Nina Haikara is a third year English Specialist.

Love is Here for Starsailor

NINA HAIKARA

EMI/Capitol Records
February 28th
The Phoenix

"We're in Canada, right?" An after-party remark by keyboardist Barry Westhead was taken with no offense. "I'm sorry...I'm totally pissed," flushed face smiling, a bit of his drink spilling over the rim of his cup.

Starsailor has every right to celebrate. The NME (the UK's top music magazine) has hailed their live performances and described their debut album — *Love is Here* — one of "real emotional depth." Their album has spent eight weeks on the Billboard Heatseekers chart, currently resting at number 16.

Unaccustomed — or uninterested — in dealing directly with listeners, the band remained quiet for the most part, during their autograph signing at HMV on Yonge, the night before their sold-out performance. Lead-singer James Walsh said nothing more than "thank you," to the small

crowd gathered to hear the three-song set — stunning acoustic versions of *Good Souls*, *Coming Down* and the new single, *Poor Misguided Fool*.

"And James Walsh is pretty cute, eh?" asks an MTV Select VJ. "Um...definitely," I respond to this unexpected on-camera question. What is it with the music industry's need to reduce mainstream artists to these (low) standards? Are they cute? Are they "seeing" anyone? Forget about good music. The artists themselves need to be packaged tighter than the album's shrink-wrap. (Besides, everyone knows that the band's guitar-tech, Les is the "cute" one.)

The *Love is Here* cover — a yellow-cast sky and a burnt-umber train-track stretching into infinity — served as a backdrop on stage. Walsh complained about the Grammy Awards® that were given — in his opinion — to the undeserving likes of U2. He also expressed a fascination with video camera that filmed the concert. "It looks like a snorkel," he said in thick British accent, referring

to a white tube projecting upwards from the equipment. Starsailor, along with hundreds of other concerts, are available for free viewing at www.primeticket.net.

The power of Starsailor's performance lies in the strength and quality of Walsh's voice. There's a unique — almost nasal? — quality (which thankfully, isn't grating) that adds a dimension to each of the songs. It is unimaginable have Starsailor's songs performed by any other voice. Walsh recently covered S Club 7's *Don't Stop Movin'* for BBC radio. The audience request for a repeat performance was denied.

"Stay with me...I'll get you in [the after-party]," was a fan promise made and kept. Another item signed by Walsh, congratulations on a great performance to bassist James Stelfox, and a conversation with drunken Westhead, concluded the evening. Though Westhead's judgment was clouded, I hope he was right. Starsailor may return for a repeat performance this spring.

HHHH

Lambchop in concert

DAVID SCHELL
Merge Records
Lee's Palace
March 7th

Strangely enough, I saw and heard Lambchop for the first time, live-in-concert at good old Lee's Palace. No music videos, no previous albums — nada. I went as recommended by a friend of who described them as "big...soul...funk" — and with 14 players no less. And if Godspeed's 9-member standard says anything about strength in numbers, I thought I would be absolutely blown away. Instead, I was taken away.

Now let me digress a moment and say that as I was listening to the new album in the Record Room, *My Blue World* brought back the concert like vintage nostalgia — a mere week since, feeling like a decade. The entire concert's atmosphere can be bottled in this song. It's not big and in your face by any means, rather slow and quiet, kind of mournful, but by no means funky, like I had been led to expect. The whole new album is a lot quieter than their older stuff.

Like I said, the entire concert's atmosphere; even their old snuff —

for which I was waiting but couldn't distinguish from the newer material. It was only when my friend leaned over to tell me when a song was off their acclaimed album, *Nixon*. But apparently, this new sound is the sound that Kurt Wagner has been striving for. Only six of the fourteen members came to town, further reflecting Lambchop's change from big to subtle. I must admit that I was a little disappointed, waiting for the old-style material: for the in your face Beck meets Godspeed You Black Emperor!, building in great 7-minute long epics. But alas...

Despite this, all was not lost. The lyrics, though lost to this first-time listener, took a backseat to my own thoughts. This is the point where I was taken away. To see his face, and I could, you saw that each line was so thoughtful, so filled with thought that it was contagious. The one lyric that I did notice was something about "a name I never used for you." I leaned to my friend and inquired if this song was on the new album, but he didn't recognize the song. Turns out, it is on the new album, entitled, *Caterpillar*. Sadly it's performed much better live. It was one of the rare moments when the music actually built

and each instrument's abilities were simultaneously taken advantage of. Short of saying, "Ha-ha, you missed it," I will suffice to say, that you must see them if and when they return to Toronto. He repeated the refrain more so than on the album, and you could tell he was really getting into it. I remember a moment at the Dears' concert at the Horseshoe similar to this. Whereas I was away in a reverie in the midst of Lee's Palace, I was in a 'less admiral state,' we'll say, at the Horseshoe. Song for song it was a great performance, but it was late and I was tired of standing. I had been resting my head on the table when I sat up with a feeling of "What's this?" I stood with my mouth open and... Sorry, words suck. But let's just say I've never experienced something like that — not at Godspeed, nor at Radiohead, not at Sigur Rós, and not at my first Smashing Pumpkins concert. Not to say that Lambchop was as good as the Dears, but it reminds me of that time.

The album itself translates fairly well, but *Caterpillar* is a must-see live.

HHH

David Schell is a second year Linguistics Specialist.

Hayden

JOY CHOI
Hardwood/Universal
Convocation Hall
March 9th

"I'm back from my meltdown!" Hayden quips in the midst of a stunning set. Apparently, his disappearance from the music scene for the past two years wasn't exactly the major, psychological/emotional breakdown Matt Galloway of *NOLW* weekly made it seem when Hayden recently graced its cover. It's hard to believe that Convocation Hall could ever feel like an intimate setting for anything. And having frequented this venue for weekday morning lectures, it's hard to imagine every seat ever being filled at the same time.

As latecomers filed in, Julie Doinor (also of Eric's Trip) takes the stage armed only with her whispery voice and an electric guitar. She stands alone on stage, pregnant with her third child. Playing a 40-minute set, she provided a sneak peak of her next record, *Heart and Crime* (due in stores April) as well as doing some older material including a few from her last record, *Desormais* (a French disc released in 2001). Her timid, self-deprecating stage banter is often times so endearing, it's sad (to the point where the girls sitting next to me and others, sigh "Awww..."). Matching the mellow and often times, somber, sounds of her beautiful songs, her quiet voice so captures her audience that I couldn't imagine anyone better to open the show.

Breaking his two-year silence with a record like *Skyscraper* National Park, a much more promising, grassroots offering than 1998's *The Closer I Get*

(which was written, recorded and toured with a full band), Hayden filled the venue with an air of anticipation. It's a wonderful feeling when you are sitting in a huge, packed hall in complete silence, waiting for one man on stage to begin. You can't help but recognize that you are part of something special as everyone holds their breath between songs. Playing a number of tracks from *Skyscraper*, *The Closer I Get*, and even *Everything I Long For*, Hayden's musical maturity is blatantly obvious. Calling upon a four-piece string section for a couple of tracks, as well as a French horn and a trumpet (the arrangements of which were done by friend, Sarah Slean), his new songs especially bring his live set to a new level. Not only is he being adventurous by going to the piano much more than before, his own arrangements, converting songs originally done with his band, to the piano, or his acoustic guitar, demonstrate well-developed musicianship previously overlooked, or at least unexplored. Stripped down versions of *Better Off Inside* and *Steps into Miles*, made you wonder how you ever listened to them, with anything other than his voice and guitar. And shit, Hayden is one of the most witty stage men I've ever seen. His anecdotes about his cat, Woody, sarcasm about the article in *NOLW* and ending the night with a sing-along of sorts for *Carried Away* makes me feel sorry for anyone who missed his show.

HHHH

Joy Choi is a second year Art History student.

Groove Armada - Socks, Cigarettes, and Shipwrecks

DAVID SCHELL
Jive/Zomba

Groove Armada provides pure good-time music. Don't get me started about "Supertynin". I was at the Phoenix one time, and up to this point I had heard this track here and there, but never in its entirety, and on the dance-floor no less. How you cannot move to this song is beyond me. Apparently, this track evolved from a live version they tested while touring and it was always a hit. What I mean by 'good-times music' is exactly this. Not just solid, live music but hangin' out, dancing with your friends, to music that brings out moves you didn't know you had. Now and then I'll hear a song I get right into: eyes glazed, mouth open and panting, and completely in my own little world. Nice? I think so.

Socks, Cigarettes, and Shipwrecks is actually a 2-disc set, with disc 1 being the album *Goodbye Country (Hello Nightclub)*. "Hello Nightclub" is right. As far as *Shipwrecks*, I don't know what that refers

to but to be mean I would say — the bulk of the 2nd disc 'I'm sorry — it's just not for me. *Supertynin*' gets slowed right down for the 'disco' mix, but gone is all the contagious rhythm in exchange for the down-tempo section that I don't like in the middle of the song. The 1st disc, the album itself, is really solid — opening up with Jeru the Damaja rhyming over *Suntanin*, and immediately followed by my baby, *Supertynin*.

The 2-set does come with an enhanced section, complete with the *Supertynin* video and a documentary, but unless you're a fan, I would say that these unreleased tracks were previously unreleased for a reason. Harsh, I know but the album was solid to begin with. Remixes should improve on a song, switch genres, or distort it to hell. Some of these remixes are just downright lame. The 2nd disc brings the package's rating down to its present H/H. The album on its own gets a deuce. H/H, and the bonus gets a deuce. H/H

George Harrison

All Things Must Pass

ANANT MATHUR
Capitol/EMI

All things must pass/All things must pass away... and so they did on November 29, 2001. The day George Harrison, the youngest of the four Beatles, joined his band mate John Lennon, on their trip in the after life. Harrison was only 58 when cancer caught up with him and thus ended the life of one of the most important men in our history. Indeed, The Beatles' importance can never be underestimated, for not only did they create the best music, but also as a unit they brought to the world the carefree and joyous spirit that it had lost to the Second World War. And for nearly a decade, their music reined the charts and hearts the world over. And then one day in 1970, it was all over... *The Beatles had passed away.*

And from the ashes rose the Phoenix... stronger than ever and with a newfound faith in Hinduism, George Harrison was the first Beatle to achieve success as a solo artist. Overshadowed by Lennon & McCartney as a songwriter in the band, Harrison blossomed after the band split up. Once the shackles that tied him to the band had been broken, he entered an extremely creative period and wrote a surplus of songs, 23 of which made it to his 1971 epic solo debut, *All Things Must Pass*. A sprawling 3-disc record, the album was a huge success and spent a number of weeks on the top of the charts. The enormous success of its lead single, *My Sweet Lord*, made the album an instant hit. The Concert For Bangladesh that Harrison and his friends organized to raise money for war ravaged Bangladesh (the first charity concert in rock history) also helped popularize his album. However large the hype surrounding the concert and its recording, *All Things Must Pass* was recognized as a truly exceptional individual record. It also established Harrison as a serious songwriter and not just a sidekick to Lennon & McCartney.

George Harrison was widely regarded as one of the finest guitarists in rock music. This album was an excellent showcase of his talent. Laden with layers upon layers of guitars, this album was a largely acoustic affair, drawing inspiration from artists such as Bob Dylan and The Byrds. Extremely folksy and rustic, the production on the album signaled a

distinct
depart-
ure

from the slick production on the Beatles albums. The man responsible for producing *All Things...* was producer Phil Spector, who had previously worked on The Beatles *Let It Be* by adding his 'wall of sound' effects to the original George Martin recordings. While not all the Beatles had appreciated his work, George Harrison had liked it enough to ask Spector to employ the same production for his album. This technique worked extremely well for Harrison's songs. His stripped down acoustic compositions burst with fantastic energy with the high reverb of the recording. The end result was majestic, and nothing short of a masterpiece. Originally released as a 3-disc set and priced, at Harrison's special request, at under \$10, the album contained songs that he had been working on since the last days with the Beatles and new material from jam sessions with *Cream's* Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker. Songs such as *Wah-Wah* and *What Is Life*, that boasted grandiose horn sections and heavy percussion were balanced by the gentle Dylan-esque songs like, *If Not For You* and *Apple Scruffs*. A devout Hindu by that time, Harrison's sincere and heartfelt lyrics bore deep religious meaning and were direct and unpatronizing. And thus, the stand out track on this record was the semi-hymn, *My Sweet Lord*. A song devoted to the Hindu god Krishna, it was a 5-minute prayer, and complete with a Hindu hymn being sung in *Sanskrit* by a choir, all held together by his steady rhythm guitar.

The year 2001 marked the 30th anniversary of this classic record. And to mark the occasion, Harrison released a re-mastered version of the recording. Cleaning and sprucing up the massive reverb due to Phil Spector's 'wall of sound' treatment and adding unreleased tracks to the final package, Harrison released *All Things Must Pass* to a new generation of listeners in the early months of 2001.

All things may pass, but George Harrison and his music will live on...HHHH

Anant Mathur is a first year Computer Engineering student.



Syrus Bittersweet

DJ Andy (UK), DJ Dan (San Francisco) & Mistress Barbara (Toronto)

ALAN ON
The Docks
February 16th

This was definitely the best party I've been to in a long time. The first 19 and over event of its kind I can remember. Not that I'm against all-ages events, but it made for an easy-going crowd that added to the enjoyment of the evening. I spent most of the night in the main room where the headlining DJ's were performing.

DJ Andy C put down the best drum and bass set I've heard in a while. I liked it so much because

it was so diverse. He switched it up, mixing the music with some Latin beats, and then turning it to some dark jungle. Everyone in the crowd loved it.

DJ Dan came up next. The switch was a little disorienting. Turning the main room from drum and bass to house was questionable, especially after Andy C's set. I admit I enjoy drum and bass a lot more, but DJ Dan held it down. Some hard house mixed in with a little funk. I was impressed.

Mistress Barbara provided some relentless beats. Easily the

most energetic of all the DJ's, vibing along with the crowd and the music.

All in all, it was a very well put together event. The Docks isn't the best venue around, but it was obvious a lot of effort and planning went into the layout. The sound was tight. Efficient security got everyone in pretty fast. The lighting and decor was impressive. There were four real-time cameras showing their footage on big screens on the stage. Even the stage was open, so you could stand behind the DJ. I had a great time. HHH

Dennis Brown in dub

DAVID SCHELL
Heartbeat Records

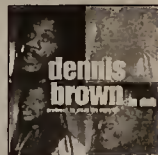
First off, let me clarify your idea of 'Dub'. These days Dub says little less than House does. Everyone's idea of it varies, as does each artist's creation of it. The *Perfect Dub* (remixed by Paul Oakenfold) on the Smashing Pumpkins' *Perfect* EP has little similarity (genre-wise) to Kruder and Dorfmeister's remix on the *Traffic Soundtrack* by Rocker's *HiFi - Going Under - Evil Love and Insanity Dub*. In short, the modern 'Electronic Dub' has strayed so far as to make you wonder if the original Reggae-style Dub is an ancestor at all.

As on of the 'arrriginal rudeboy allstars' of Dub (pardon the

Patwa), Dennis Brown needs no introduction to lovers of Reggae. He provided the vocals for tracks produced by one of the greatest producers in Reggae history: Ninety the Observer. Once the tracks were produced, they were mixed, by none other than, Osbourne 'King Tubby' Ruddock. For those familiar with the original Dub, you can't say this man's name and not think of dub. He'll be forever linked with the way Kurt Cobain is with Grunge, Miles Davis with Jazz, and so on. But I'm not trying to preach to the converted. This CD is, of course, a must-have for those who know (they've probably already got it). Tubby first brought the reverb effect to reggae, using it with the vocals, and really setting dub apart.

This CD is actually too slow to call it funky, but it's so mellow.

Now that I think of it, this is the kind of CD that keeps you lingering in a store long after you've found what you were looking for. Word to the wise: if you own a store, grab this. For the rest of us, if you like feeling mellow let the vocals of Dennis Brown take you to town. Some tracks I recommend if you're previewing the album at your local music store check out *Pay the Rent*, *Take a Dub*, and *Come Dub*. Also, check out Dennis Brown's own albums *Some Like it Hot* and *Open the Gate*, also on Heartbeat Records. HHH



Emm Gryner Girl Versions

JEEHO YOO
Dead Daisy Records

Girl Versions is Canadian female singer/songwriter Emm Gryner's fifth studio album, and her first all-covers record. With the success of the single *Summerlong*, Toronto radio in 1998 and stints with *Lilith Fair* for three years, Gryner has shown her knack for songwriting and dexterity with instruments (she plays bass, guitar and piano). Her claim to fame, though, would be the European tour with David Bowie, as a backup singer in 1999.

But Gryner is much more than someone's backup singer, and her most recent album *Girl Versions* is solid proof. Released last August out of her own independent label Dead Daisy Record, *Girl Versions* hasn't garnered the atten-

tion it richly deserves. With only piano and cello as instruments, this album offers songs by male artists that one would not expect a female singer to cover. Who would have thought that The Clash's *Straight to Hell* could sound so delightful and Ozzy Osbourne's *Crazy Train* can be an emotional ballad that may have Randy Rhoads turning in his grave? Gryner's rendition of *Pour Some Sugar on Me* by Def Leppard left the band members drooling, while Blur's anthem *Song 2* actually sounds poignant. And if she can make Stone Temple Pilots' *Big Bang Baby* listenable with her grand piano, then Gryner is capable of anything in music. Nick Cave's *Straight to You* and Robert Wyatt's *Sea Song* were already beautiful tunes that are rendered even more so by Gryner.

Simply put, Gryner's uncanny brilliance to turn punk rock and heavy metal numbers into lovely ballads is what makes this album one of the best from 2001.

Gryner is up for the 2002 Juno Awards in Best Pop Album category and competing with more mainstream figures - Leonard Cohen, David Usher, Cowboy Junkies and Prozac - she may not win the Juno. Nevertheless, *Girl Versions* is an increasingly rare record that defies immediate categorization because it's so great that only time will prove capable of shifting it into perspective. HHHH

Jeeho Yoo is a fourth year History student.



DANIEL DEES

Nuclear Blast

From the cold shores of Sweden comes Hammerfall, a band that is considered to have single handedly revived the metal scene in Europe, and continues to do so globally. Often referred to as "medieval = metal," Hammerfall's speed metal assault is laden with crystal clear production, dueling lead guitars, and lyrics that range from accepting your fate to hunting dragons. Their newest album, *Renegade* differs little, providing song after song of up-lifting metal.

Several solid songs appear on this release, including a slashing number called *The Champion*. Being burnt at the stake, an innocent woman prepares to meet her death when out of nowhere a rider comes to save her. This piece has an unbelievable chorus, perfect for sing-a-longs, and features excellent guitar work. Another striking song comes in the form of the



ballad *Always Will Be*, which showcases vocalist Joacim Cans' soft golden voice. Finally, the band makes its first attempt at an instrumental, *Raise The Hammer*, which pounds the listener with technical drumming and constant time changes. *Renegade* does, however, have a noticeable fault. The production, while good, tends to muffle the drums which creates the impression of a lighter sound. While this does not interfere with the music, production could simply be better. Yet what makes Hammerfall great are the themes, and this album has them in spades. Tales of chivalry and brave warriors abound in the music, and their message is always noble and valiant. Song-writing prowess, two great guitarists, and an expressive vocalist make *Renegade* a good listen. All Hail Hammerfall! **HH** & 1/2

DANIEL DEES

Century Media Records

Blind Guardian has achieved great status in the metal world, a band whose name is synonymous with quality, integrity, impeccable musicianship, and a knack for fantasy tinged metal. After nearly three years of waiting comes the band's newest offering *A Night At The Opera*. Their most complex work ever, the album clearly establishes the band as some of the finest musicians this genre has to offer. The artistic vision is undeniable, the technicality and complexity of the music is there, and the execution is spot on. All elements of a memorable disc in place, this album becomes one of the strongest releases of the year, no short feat considering some of the wonderful metal 2002 has so far brandished.

Precious Jerusalem opens the album with its pummeling drums, middle-eastern guitar harmonics, and epic chorus



— a Blind Guardian trademark. *Battlefield* is a classic medieval battle song sure to have you wielding steel. Fans of the Dragonlance saga must take note of *The Soulforged*, a metal anthem based on the series character Raistlin Majere. It is these songs that round out the quartet's ambitious, multi layered, heavy sound. However, in true metal fashion, the album also features two ballads, *The Maiden And The Minstrel Knight* and *Mies Del Dolor*, both equally good and the latter being sung in Spanish. Singer Hansi Kursch's pronunciation is excellent, quite an accomplishment for a German singer.

To doubt the ambition of this band is to doubt that team Canada beat the U.S. in hockey. One must only look at the epic *And Then*

continued on the next page

QING HUA WANG

Ultimate Dilemma Records Imagine yourself stretched lazily on a hammock on a warm September day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the middle of an Indian summer that defies meteorological explanation. A playful breeze tousles your hair as you dreamily take in the pastoral scenery. Yet, you feel no drowsiness, only keenly aware of the infinite subtleties of the world that surrounds you. And this is something like the experience of listening to Zero 7's debut LP, *Simple Things*, ambient electronica at its most organic and luxurious.

The British duo Zero 7, made up of Henry Binns and Sam Hardaker, began their musical efforts as producers, working on remixes and compilations

— including collaborations with Robert Plant, Pet Shop Boys, and Radiohead. Their two EPs, ostensibly titled *EP1* and *EP2*, were both sold out in days amid rave reviews. And for the most part, the eager interest in *Simple Things* among both critics and listeners alike is well warranted. This is a disk full of richly layered harmonies, soulful vocals, and lush string arrangements. Glittering yet down-to-earth acoustic guitars combine with understated yet bold bass lines to add to the distinct textures. Zero 7 has been often compared to Air, but this music is more honest and emotional, not pretentious like Air, not brooding like Portishead, not overwrought like Morcheeba.

The opening track, *I Hate*

Seen, features the laid-back tones of vocalist Moezz. As he languorously sings, "time goes so slow / days come and go", the melody soars and slides on a rich strings. The opening bass lines are simple but effective, much like the ones at the start of many a good Mogwai track. Subtly twanging guitars add to the gentle but trippy atmosphere. *Destiny* is the first track to feature the vocals of Sia Furler and Sophie Barker. They both offer expressive and engaging vocals that never threaten to take over the entire track. The arrangement on this cut is deceptively simple — a bass, a guitar, barely there beats, a few electronic gurgles and glitches, a few windy chirps — but everything melds together so well that the effect is astonishingly captivating. The diversity of



Zero 7's influences become more apparent as the album progresses, from the sultry tones of the title track *Simple Things*, to the beguiling flute solo in *Red Dust*, to the surprisingly catchy but unobtrusive melody of *In the Waiting Line*, and even a chorus of South African nurses on *Likjanele*.

One could complain that Zero 7 dwell too long in this particular aural landscape, but when it's this nice a place, you've just got to sit back and appreciate the simple things in life. **HHH** *Qing Hua Wang is a first year Engineering Science student.*

DAVID SCHELL

Wrap Records

This may seem counter-intuitive but these gents are not from Canada, they're from Scotland. This may be explained by their Warp Records affiliation, whose notorious artist Aphex Twin has similarly unexplained antics. But this is where the comparison should end. While it might be easy to note similarities between these label-mates, it's actually quite boring — as boring as it is to say "passé" — to compare new electronic artists/DJs to Aphex Twin. He's done everything; his influence is ubiquitous, so get over it. I mean, sampling children's voice — big deal (and I say this with no sarcasm).

Boards of Canada have certainly carved out a niche for themselves, creating a distinct sound worthy of standing in the ranks with Aphex Twin himself as we all as Autechre, and Animals on Wheels. Which is not to say they are all equal — every army has its admiral — *ahem*, Aphex Twin. Excuse me.

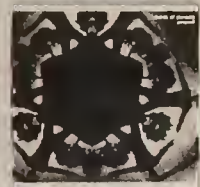
We all have our favourites, but in any case these guys are no flash in the pan.

Allow me to make a comparison. While some may disagree with me, I think Coldplay write excellent music, although they could never make a claim for being the best band in the world. Radiohead, on the other hand, like Aphex Twin, easily could. And while some are snooty enough to snub the Coldplay's and the Grandaddy's, I don't. Although Boards of Canada may be needlessly likened to Aphex Twin, they don't seem to be re-inventing the wheel by any means. Take a band like Starsailor, who are imitating Coldplay, who is arguably emanating Radiohead (unsuccessfully, of course), and though I may be a snob for this, I pass up the Starsailors and other 2nd generation Radioheads and Aphex Twins. In short, Boards of Canada are to Aphex Twin, as Coldplay is to Radiohead.

This is a smart album.

Boards of Canada earn their Intelligent Techno status in the comprehensive whole of each song. I have never read such aptly named titles for songs. *Opening the Month* is a small wordless song that just got my mind racing about early speech attempts. *Sunshine Recorder* puts me in such a refreshed mood, like sitting outside on a warm spring day where the wind stands still around you. I will trust you to your curiosity to listen to the aptness of *You Could Feel the Sky* and especially the saucy closer *Magic Window* — which has, by the way, the best expressive lyrics ever produced, you'll see.

You will invariably be left smiling in wonder by each track when you co-reference the sound with the song's title, it almost seems to be trying to give form to a thought, thought in musical form. Combined with the inherent mathematics of the album, the expressiveness becomes a serious attempt at thought-transcription or translation. Most of these songs have



only three elements to them — perhaps a progressive strings loop, a highlighted and distorted voice sample, and some playful deep drums — other times, all voices. In any case, there is origami-like complexity contained in this deceptive simplicity. The album art is a series of hexagonal photographs, with the initial image repeated 6-fold. Keeping in mind the message of the track called *Energy Warming* with a child speaking of the need for energy conservation, I couldn't help but conclude a certain effort on Boards of Canada's part to create more with less. The overall effect is mesmerizing. This music is head-candy for the ears and everything in between. **HHH**

Herald Scale: HHHH = Excellent HHH = Good HH = Okay H = Lame

The Best of Jonathan Richman - Action Packed

VANESSA MEADU and STEPHANIE SILVERMAN
Rounder Records

For those who know him, he's Jojo, the man who, backed by the Modern Lovers, made it cool to be honest, okay to be decent, and all right to have your heart broken now and then. For the rest of the world, he's the maddening troubadour from *There's Something About Mary*. We have to imagine that Jonathan Richman is ecstatic about his music world reputation. In fact, a survey of *Action Packed* seems to indicate that he revels in playing the absurd, anti-drug, pro-choice straight man in a sea of headbangers and mooks. With songs like *You're Crazy for Taking the Bus* and *I Was Dancing in the Lesbian Bar* — whose titles leave nothing to the imagination — Richman sings aching and longingly about random and bizarre subjects that are usually left out of most songwriters' repertoires. His observations, unusual as they may be, start to make sense after awhile and will eventually strike a chord with events in your own life. It becomes almost as if you can't help but agree with Richman's complaints and earnest revelations.

Richman's music hasn't changed much since the mid-70's, when he first burst onto the music scene, backed by the soulful and endearing *Modern Lovers*. His simple melodies and basic guitar licks borrow from the Velvet Underground, but without a drop of artiness or pretension. There's nothing busy or distracting about his songs; this is music stripped down to the essential. Richman's a songwriter by the oldest defini-

tion and his songs always tell a story. Whether it's about how he digs Goth chicks (*Vampire Girl*) or how much he loves the sound of his guitar (*Fender Stratocaster*), Richman always entertains and, after awhile, your head will begin to nod in agreement as you realize that he is telling it like it is.

Richman has already released several 'best of' compilations, so some songs that stand out in his repertoire (such as *Buzz Buzz Buzz*, *Government Center*, and the head-bopping *Roadrunner*) are missing from this latest collection. If you're looking for Jonathan's true 'greatest hits', you're better off picking up 1987's *Beserkeley Years* or 1990's *23 Great Recordings by Jonathan Richman*. As for his latest release, *Action Packed*, it does provide intriguing listening, mixing some newer recordings in with his Modern Lovers-era classics.

You've got to step into Richman's world to appreciate his lackadaisical musings accompanied by some driving (albeit quiet) guitar backings. If you can appreciate his bittersweet perspective on life and love, and enjoy rocking out to an unplugged retro vibe, then lap up the irony and get some action packed into your life! HHH

Vanessa Meadu is a first year student studying English and Political Science and Stephanie Silverman is a first year student, who is undecided between English and International Relations.

Lost Highway Records - The Cadillac of Country

JARED BLAND

Billy Bob Thornton

Private Radio

This album is a nasty car accident, and you really can't help but stare. For some reason, BBT may just be a lyrical genius, as well as an exceptionally gifted singer... er... talker/mumbler. From the cheesy *Angelina* (Yeah, Angelina can you feel it/ Watch the Angels as they're dancin' up above/Angelina, what's come between us/Could it be the magic and the mystery of love) — which is, in retrospect, slightly creepy as it's written for Angelina Jolie, a woman who wears a vial of BBT's blood 'round her neck and is probably insane — to the stark, menacing and trying-really-hard-to-be-haunting opening track, *Dark and Mad* (This cigarette burns like the pain in my soul), BBT runs some sort of stylistically limited gamut, and comes out on top. Highlights are the soon-to-be-runaway-hit *Smoking in Bed* (Smoking in bed, smoking in bed/ it's bad for my body/good for my head) which has become my personal anthem and the deranged and funny-as-all-hell, *Forever* (Hey, remember them drawers you left in the car/Yeah, the ones with the pink feathers around the edge/ Now don't you tell a soul, but I got 'em on right now); BBT fucking rocks. That is all. HHH



street corners, packed and smoky bars, long stretches of deserted highway, and darkened houses at the end of dead end streets. Williams' most obvious strength is her economy — a word that actually betrays what's going on here. These are songs made of few words (see again *Lonely Girls* and *Are You Down*), but what is there is like a bullet to the heart. And she's won armfuls of Grammy Awards — not that that really means anything anymore. HHH

Ryan Adams
Gold

I don't know that it is even possible to review this album; I fear that my mortal words will fail to capture the arresting emotional and musical maturity of this record. The follow up to his wonderful first solo release, *Heartbreaker*, *Gold* finds Ryan Adams taking a nutty ride through his own songwriting prowess, as well as giving the listener a guided tour of his own musical lineage. Hear it: the rollicking blues-country of the Rolling Stones's *Exile on Main Street*, the overpowering simplicity of Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks*, the unbelievable heartache and sadness of Neil Young's *Harvest* and *Tonight's the Night*. And this is exactly where the album's most common critics are wrong — the record isn't just what's come before him recycled; it's Adams showing us, as listeners, that he (like the Rolling Stones, Dylan and Young did) understands what came before, that he knows its importance, and that he's on his way to reconciling his own talent with that of his influences. This is an incredibly promising thing — this record is Adams saying, 'I know my shit and you better listen up because this career of mine is going to be good-as-hell.' And he does, and it will. HHHH



penned by Nelson) and chocke full of guest appearances by Bonnie Raitt, Lee Ann Womack, Rob Thomas (see — I meant what I said about him trying to be Santana), Sheryl Crow, and, tragically, Kid Rock. That's right, folk, Kid Rock; the musical genius who prowled the stage with a now-deceased midget and brought you such epic masterpieces as his album *Cocky* is now appearing on an album with Willie Nelson. Cry yourselves to sleep now.

The album starts out on one of its highest notes — the actually-not-awful *Maria* — but fear not: it soon erodes into senseless drivel. Take *Last Stand in Open Country*, which tries to score one of Sam Peckinpah's westerns though it can't decide which one alternating between drooping names from *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* and *The Wild Bunch*. Just pick one, Willie... just pick one... suppose this is a career move though one that doesn't make much sense — Nelson's never been much of a commercial success in the mainstream, and this pile of garbage surely isn't going to help. If you want good, recent Willie, check out his 1994 collaboration with Canadian producer Daniel Lanois, *Teatro*. It's a stark, claustrophobic slice of film-memoir-tinted darkness — and successful in every way this album fails. H

Lucinda Williams
Essence

The follow up to 1998's exceptional



Car Wheels on a Gravel Road, this beautiful record is noteworthy not only for stunning execution, but also for remarkably subtle production — thanks here goes to Charlie Sexton, who probably has learned a trick or two about making brilliant music as the guitarist in Bob Dylan's touring band. The music here is startling, lingering and, once you're done with the record, constantly haunting. 12 bar blues figures take on new lives, simple country structures take on the air of whispered epics, and Williams' typical lyrical wizardry is on full display. From the opening simplicity of *Lonely Girls*, you're sucked into this world; a stark landscape of lonesome guitars and jilted lovers, a world drawn up from the ground and mapped out in empty

Willie Nelson
The Great Divide

Why, oh why would country legend Willie Nelson want to be Santana? Please, if you can answer this question, get in touch with me because I'm dying to know. This album is mostly a big piece of junk — poor songs (most of which aren't even



Timeless
The Music of Hank Williams

This lovely little tribute to Hank Williams actually reminds me of Willie Nelson's belly flop *The Great Divide* (it's a bunch of songs the performers didn't write) but this album, unlike the colossal awfulness of Nelson's concoction, is actually good. The standouts are obvious, but really the whole record shines: *By Your Side*, *Dylan's* delightful *I Can't Get You Off My Mind*, Beck's *You Cheatin' Heart*, Lucinda Williams' *Cold, Cold Heart* and John Cash's *I Dreamed About You Last Night* are all highlights, but the album belongs to Ryan Adams whose spot on cover of *Lovesick Blues* seems to channel the spirit of Williams in all its ragged, warbly country glory. HHH

Jared Bland is a third year English Specialist.

continued from previous page

There Was Silence, a fourteen minute masterpiece which took four months to record, utilizing more than 128 tracks, including fifty for the vocals and thirty for the guitars. The piece is remarkable, bringing the listener through a diverse musical journey that spans a multitude of emotions. The song is based on the Trojan War, and helps close the album with power. A song of such length can run the risk of being repetitive, but fortunately the music is expansive and does not quarantine itself in any particular style.

Bringing this talent to sound is Charlie Bauerfeind, who does a superb job producing this album.

One Final Note

The Herald's Film Editor Says Goodbye

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

I first began writing for my high school newspaper in my sophomore year. Seven years later, I cannot help but realize that my one and only passion in this life remains intact.

Once thought that watching movies was strictly a habit-forming addiction for socially maladjusted children with a high tolerance for voyeurism. When I entered high school, I soon found comfort in the little-read high school newspaper that had a reputation for publishing rants and reviews in the more popular Arts section. My first article, a full-page diatribe on the legitimacy of Hollywood movies, ran without much fanfare. But in all my years of watching and cataloging films, this was the first time that I could expound what I had absorbed at my local movie house.

Fast-forward seven years, two diplomas and hundreds of movies later, I am still spinning the same spiel. Only now I have traversed two more publications, multiple staff positions, to finally land here as an editor with the *Innis Herald*.

The spiel concerns a specific stance on film criticism in the academic field, namely that of Hollywood's acceptance into academia. The torch-bearer of this feat is one filmmaker that helped to ignite my passion for the cinema. That man is Steven Spielberg. I admit that in all my years of absorbing the works of countless filmmakers, from all walks of cinematic life, I choose to popularize a man who, on the surface, needs little popularization. One of the most powerful and influential men on the planet, Mr. Spielberg has eluded the private sphere of academic reception simply due to his uncanny ability to reach millions of people with a single film.

This leads me to my primary argument which has stumped me all these years. Even after earning a degree in cinema studies at this prestigious university, I am befuddled and bewildered by the ignorance of a select few in this faculty. While some have earned their stripes defending popular

American filmmakers, most cinema studies staff members prefer to distance themselves from the more realistically inclined student body by supporting the rather bloated and surely overrated ramblings of Eurocentrics such as Jean-Luc Godard, American avant-garde nit-wits such as Stan Brakhage, and Canadian dull-wits such as Atom Egoyan.

Am I qualified to judge and make such sweeping statements of petty discontent? No, but neither are the same people who quickly dismiss the works of the Hollywood filmmaking community. If someone is to call Steven Spielberg a "suburban brat" then what is stopping that person from calling Godard a pompous, self-obsessed crack-pot? Both, under certain circumstances, might be valid criticisms. But the underlying argument here is one of elitism. Elitism is the brick wall that hinders the work of certain artists due to the desperate measures of a select few who choose to ignore or denounce based on the mass popularity of an artist.

Hollywood filmmaker as artist? You better believe it. Every Hollywood film has the potential for artfulness. Every Hollywood film is made to entertain an audience on a mass scale, which is more than can be said for any hack with a digital camera who garners an audience of twelve to his or her basement screening. In the end, that hack will receive a place on a professor's syllabus, and the larger Hollywood film will not. Why?

It is the age-old problem of mass acceptance. If something is popular, then it is theoretically non-academic and unworthy of critical appraisal. Even the "popular press" is degraded for being too simplistic, and is criticized for not absorbing the "issues" behind a film or work of art. Issues of mass communicability aside, I must expose my own bias and admit that the works of those who are able to touch the lives of millions of people is worth more in academic gold than those who prefer to relate to a select few.

For all I know, this article has already been negated for its pan-

dering to the general student body, rather than focusing attention to the three students who admire the cinema of Jean Cocteau.

Am I right to believe that the cinema of Steven Spielberg is ignored by certain elitists because he is financially successful and caters his works to the world, rather than to a specific audience? Perhaps. But more importantly, these four undergraduate years have taught me one thing, that art is the most subjective and personal element of our lives. Art rests in your heart and mind, and no one has the right to nullify a choice or a preference. What I am most concerned with then is the cold reception that Hollywood Film receives from faculty and students.

Be open to mass art. Be open to good movies, bad movies, movies of all kinds. From the numbing effects of a short experimental film to the epic scope of a David Lean masterpiece, I write this in favour of the cinema.

The cinema has been there for me all my life. The cinema has touched a nerve in me that no other art form or pastime has been able to do. Seeing it segregated and maligning is like seeing an old friend being beaten simply for what he stands for.

Will film academics let this old friend be ignored and shut-out of course selections? Not in the least. In a few years, my peers will be over-seeing the academic duties of colleges and universities across North America. In a few more years, my peers will flush away the panders and nay-sayers. In only a short time, the *coup d'état* of cinema studies will take place, and for once in my life I can hopefully breathe a sigh of relief.

Before I leave, I want to thank Manuella, Kass, Anne, Charlie, and most importantly Cam for exposing me to the world of film studies.

Thank you to my readers. Thank you to my contributors. We all thank the moving image, for without it I wouldn't know what to do with my time.

See you at the movies.



In The Bedroom

CAITLIN MCKENNA

You may wonder why you need to see a film about the pain, anger and emptiness left in a couple's life after the violent death of their son. But while it's an ultimately wrenching experience, *In the Bedroom* is not to be missed. This first major production from Todd Field is a lesson to the pros: sure-handed directing, a script restrained enough to let the silences talk, cinematography that makes details hit like a punch in the gut, and an ensemble cast which pulls you in and holds you enraptured throughout, hitting every crushing emotional beat until the final credits roll.

The first quarter of the film takes place in the endless summer of Camden, Maine. It's Dawson's Creek territory, as lit by Terrence Mallick: all golden sunlight, salty sea air, glowing smiles and sun-kissed hair. At centre of this world is 21 year-old Frank Fowler (Nick Stahl). His older, single-mother girlfriend (Marisa Tomei) loves him, his parents (Tom Wilkinson and Sissy Spacek) adore him—even children are drawn to him. In Frank, Stahl has created a sympathetic version of *The Talented Mr. Ripley's* Dickie Greenleaf, a character so easily charismatic that you can't take your eyes off him when he's onscreen, and never stop missing him once he's gone.

And does he go hard. Frank's sudden and violent death pulls the heart out of his parents' world,

leaving a hole in the centre they— and we—can only move around, but never forget. And there's no release valve here—every key emotional moment takes place off-screen. Spacek and Wilkinson are masterful here: their characters never explode, or even talk about what they're going through—it shows through a dropped gaze, or the haul of a cigarette, leaving us to bear the progression of their steadily tightening pain.

Eventually, that pain turns to anger as justice for the crime remains elusive. The Fowlers' emptiness is slowly filled by repressed violence, showing up in the roar of a lawnmower, the snap of shuffled cards, an overloud laugh. Even while building towards a devastating emotional climax, however, *In the Bedroom* still leaves the audience leisure to question the Fowlers' actions. The film ultimately crosses into the moral territory of *Dead Man Walking*, looking into the nature of justice and revenge, but without providing any easy answers.

At its best, cinema can be an incredibly powerful medium: direction, acting, writing and cinematography melded into a piece of art that's both coherent and impactful. If that's what you love in the movies, then look no further—*In the Bedroom* may be less fun than a sharp stick in the eye, but it's a movie experience you won't soon forget. A

A Spy for the Ages

Exploring the spy-game world of Golden Boy Robert Redford

M.M. CHAMPAGNE

For the first time in almost a decade, Robert Redford is back in the spotlight. Having largely chosen to remain behind the scenes, as a director (*The Legend of Bagger Vance*, *Quiz Show*) or behind a desk as the chair of the Sundance Institute, Robert Redford was back in 2001 with two feature films, an appearance on *60 Minutes*, and now as a recipient of an honorary career Oscar at this year's 74th Annual Academy Awards.

This flood of exposure might suggest to Redford fans that the actor, who will be turning 65 this year, is staging a comeback (an always painful attempt to regain a shred of fame from the days before your face started to wrinkle). But this couldn't be farther from the truth. Redford has never enjoyed the Hollywood pageant, is definitely not strapped for cash and is filled with such dignity and cool, that to think he would EVER make a fool of himself is unnatural. What Redford is doing, is making a sacrifice. In the name of pop-culture, in the name of his fans and in the name of all that is good and holy on this earth, Redford is sacrificing his privacy in order to thank his fans before he calls it quits. Redford is leaving the spotlight, and *Spy Game* is his swansong.

The most recent film from director Tony Scott, *Spy Game* is the amalgamation of all that is great about Redford. It tells the story of Nathan Muir (Redford), a senior CIA agent on the eve of his retirement, whose underling Tom Bishop (Brad Pitt) is caught staging an unauthorized prison break in China. Though the CIA bosses have no intention of thwarting Bishop's impending execution, they look to Muir for an explanation that they hope will avert any international crises. This leaves Muir with only 24 hours to save his friend, all the while giving the Suits the necessary run-around.

Spy Game is a homage to Redford and his spy/caper films which have entertained us over the years. It takes the essentials from films like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Hot Rock*, *All the President's Men*, *Sneakers* and of course, *Three Days of the Condor* and brilliantly integrates them into a film that will make fans laugh, sigh and possibly shed a tear. How do I know? Let's explore, shall we?

The credits: In the beginning, as in all good Redford beginnings, *Spy Game* opens with the sweet familiar hum of the word processor. Whether it's the decrypting of codes which introduces *Sneakers*, the thunderous clacks of *President's Men*, or the screech of the pin printer in *Condor*, when transcript is on screen, there's a caper afoot and Redford is our man.

The names: Redford's protégé in *Spy Game* is Tom Bishop (Pitt) a man whose espionage affiliations endanger his love interest, Elizabeth (Catherine McCormack). In *Sneakers*, Redford plays Martin Bishop a man whose "hacking" affiliations endanger the life of his love interest Liz (Mary McDonnell). Coincidence? I think not...

The setting: Brilliantly, the writers of *Spy Game* decided to set their film in the mid-1970s and early 1990s. This offers the fans a chance to see Redford once again in all his 1975 glory. Sure, the jeans aren't quite as tight, and the face is a little more aged, but nobody pulls off gray tweed, aviator shades, blonde locks and upturned collar like Redford. Also, this is an age before extreme political correctness, when earth-bound creature were still accepted as the enemy. This allows Redford to butt heads with the Soviets, the Lebanese and Communist China, without offending anyone.

The Questions: *Who are those guys? Who are you? Who are they? What do you mean? Where? Were we wrong? Is there any place you don't smoke? Now who did you say you were working for? Well, who is Charles Colson?* Having



spent his entire spy career "in-the-dark," being hunted down by mysterious men and mysterious organization (governmental? perhaps...), Redford is finally the man with the answers. Being the veteran in the business, he has been charged with the delivery of snappy one-liners like, "Are you gonna stand there with your hand on my ass all night, or are you gonna make your move?" Of course, now that he knows what's going on, he isn't talking.

The Music: No, it isn't the wacka-jicka-wacka of *Condor* or *Hot Rock*, but it is a pulsating, blood-rushing contemporary electronic sound composed by Harry Gregson-Williams, which probably has the same effect on today's audiences as the funkadelic guitar sounds of the 70s did way-back-when.

Fiber Optics: Despite all the technological advances made over the past 25 years, there is only one prolific piece of

equipment which continues to prove its worth in Redford's films: the telephone. We saw it in *Condor*, we saw it in *Sneakers* and its back in *Spy Game*. Whether it's to stall a trace, track down an assassin, hack into government computers or get out of a boring meeting, Redford has no other tool like a phone. It could be that Redford is the world's first technophobic spy, or perhaps it's a writ of: if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

The End: Of course...Redford wins.

So you see, when it comes to Redford mischief, *Spy Game* fulfills every fan desire. And in the final scene when we see Redford driving his roadster into the horizon, just as Bishop is being rescued, it becomes clear to us that this man isn't coming back. His duty is done and now it's time to quit. He's much too old for this type of thing.

Yet, one question remains. If Tom Hanks is being tormented as the new Jimmy Stewart, and George Clooney the new Cary Grant, does that mean Brad Pitt is setting himself to be the new Robert Redford? Not a chance. I have yet to see another head of hair worthy of challenging those blonde tresses, let alone the entire ultra-cool Redford persona. No, it is safe to say that there is *not now, nor will there ever be*, another Charles Robert Redford Jr. Don't believe me? Just ask Paul Newman...

Paul Newman: He isn't in *Spy Game*, but he really, really should have been.



When the Marquee Lights Fades

Remembering the way it was before the Megaplex

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

Recently, *Toronto Life* magazine published a cover story on the plight of local movie houses that are facing extinction due to the seismic take-over by colossal mega-theatres that bear names such as *Colossus*, *Grande*, and *SilverCity*. While the *Life* article did a fair job in enumerating the growing casualties among the smaller theatres, it left me cold and somewhat unaffected. It lacked the personal charm that characterizes the essence of these forgotten movie palaces.

Growing up in mid-town Toronto, I had a range of theatres—big and small—from which to choose. Before the advent of the megaplex, there was the cozy comfort of a two-auditorium theatre like the York or Hyland. Before the freeway exit *monoplexes*, there was the Eglinton theatre, an art-deco inspired feast of old-world charm set against a truly giant screen. Before the age of multiple showings, there was the Canada Square and Cumberland with their respective art-house flicks that were anything but *wide releases*.

My younger sister Marissa, who wouldn't remember the run-down Hyland or Hollywood, equates the whole movie experience with that of a shopping mall. It's cold and empty, with employees that are not much older than her. At a summer screening of *Pearl Harbor*, the slew of fifteen-year-old ushers wore army fatigues and tattered combat helmets. It struck me that these costumes were not only an insult to actual military veterans, but also a tragic flaw imbued by the clumsy and often brain-dead managers of these slick new megaplexes. I casually asked one of the youngsters why he was wearing an army uniform if, in fact, *Pearl Harbor* was a story of the U.S. Navy? In a response straight out of the Todd Solondz dictionary for losers, the boy replied, "Huh?" and asked me to move along.

It wasn't too long ago that I would go to the Eglinton theatre to experience Toronto's biggest movie screen and biggest movie sound, and be prepared to argue with friends about the slight differences between that and the Uptown theatre at Yonge and Bloor. Give or take a foot or two, the Eglinton packed the most punch in terms of speakers per-square-foot. Yes, we would actually say these things, but not any more. Now, with every new *SilverCity*, the screens get bigger and less impressive. The one advantage of these new megaplexes is the virtual elimination of long lines. No more sweaty, smelly people trying to bud in front of you. But there is something to be said about movie lines. It goes back to the idea of a communal ritual, whereupon you are thrown into a situation with a roomful of strangers for one purpose, to sit and appreciate a film that will hopefully impact your psyche.

Popcorn and soda has been replaced with the nauseating aroma of frankfurters, nachos, sugar-drenched pretzels, and even personal pizzas. The horror. The horror.

In 1997, to celebrate its 75th anniversary, the Eglinton presented a week-long festival of American classics such as *Lawrence of Arabia*, *North by Northwest*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and many others. For one whole week, I planted myself in a seat and experienced, for the first time, the films of David Lean and Alfred Hitchcock, on the big screen. I watched Cary Grant scale Mount Rushmore in *VistaVision*, while Bernard Herrmann's playful music blasted on the powerful speakers. Today, instead, we're bombarded with *Vanilla Sky* on ten screens at your local AMC mall.

It is a miracle that the Cumberland and Carlton theatres are still doing business. While tucked away in the recesses of old Toronto, these movie houses are jammed on weekends with healthy numbers of cinephiles. The seats are rather uncomfortable, the screens a tad too small, and the leg-room pretty dismal. But it's the only refuge we movieheads have left.

Perhaps most disturbing is Famous Players' recent decision to shut down the famed Eglinton theatre, at Eglinton Ave. and Avenue Road. The regal marquee shines nightly

with its huge letters lit up in fluorescent pomp and grandeur. It is surely the last of its kind, as even Hollywood looks back fondly at its simpler past with films like *The Majestic* whose subplot contains a resurrection of an aged and decrepit movie house.

The Eglinton itself is closing not because it is run-down, but because a spear-headed campaign by lobbyists (Ontario Human Rights Commission) see fit to close down the landmark due to its old-fashionedness. There are stairs instead of ramps; inclines instead of elevators. Is this what we have become: a worrisome society that would rather see the destruction of a piece of Toronto culture just to assuage the bitterness of a lobbying group?

In this spacious and populous city of ours, there are so many theatres, so many choices, so many venues. It seems sympathetically childish to assert an 'equal rights' argument for such a simplistic matter. I doubt that the OHRC's intention was to shut down the Eglinton, but what can one expect if you pick and prod at a frail and unbalanced structure? It will surely tumble when rocked too hard.

Famous Players claims that they were likely to shut down the theatre when their current lease expired in 2003. The court ruling only sped up their eventual decision to shut down the landmark. Some groups have protested the decision, holding picketing sessions outside the theatre, but really, folks, it is a losing battle. We are not dealing with a governmental body that might be swayed by public muscling. While I see this as a losing battle, STET or "Save the Eglinton Theatre" co-founders Elayne Freeman and Joanne Crocker certainly have their hearts in the right place. The city's best hope is to either sway provincial politicians to implement an emergency funding purge to save the Eglinton, but such an action is unlikely to reach maturation before the first of the month.

The theatre closes on 1 April. While I have no authority on this subject, I do hope that you fellow movieheads and cinephiles make your way to visit a dying friend.

The Eglinton was always there for us, its projector light shining brightly ahead to that screen of dreams. And when the marquee lights fade, we will all mourn this loss.

Hey, At Least It's Not Poetry!

MIRIAM KRAJEND

I was given several assignments for this month's paper but when it came time to write them, I couldn't help but think "what's the point?" No one reads the *Innis Herald*, not even me, and I write for it! Then I asked myself why I don't read the *Herald*. Is it laziness? No. Is it the multitude of poorly written poetry? Perhaps. Is it my grade-3 reading comprehension? Partly. However, while laziness, revulsion of poetry, and being functionally illiterate can be attributed to the public education system, the *Herald* itself is to blame for its modest readership and its writers' despondency and despair.

My despondency and despair.

Let me explain: last month I wrote an article that was originally intended to be a film review but (thanks to the disorganization of the production company) ended up being an anecdotal masterpiece about why I couldn't see the movie. Yes, that's right: an anecdotal masterpiece. The privileged few who read this work of sheer and absolute genius marvelled at its humour and wit while overcome with emotion from its underlying pathos. Was my article as brilliant as I claim? Maybe not. Nevertheless, when compared with the *Herald's* other columns, my skill and ingenuity are undeniable.

The best part of the *Herald* is the film section, and frankly even that could use some work. A good friend, Porfirio Diaz, says the paper lacks unity and direction. Well, how can one attain even a semblance of unity and direction when the subject matter ranges from brilliant editorials (by one Ms Krajend) to crappy poetry (not by Ms Krajend) to pointless articles on the environment (also, not by Ms Krajend)? So am I saying that the solu-

tion is that I write all the articles? Perhaps, but I should remind you that as I said before, I possess a grade 3 reading comprehension.

Are you looking for specific criticisms of the *Herald*? Do you want a catalogue of contempt? An index of insults? A diary of disdain and derision? (Has my alliteration become tedious yet?) Well, you're in luck because I love making lists. (That's a rather strange disclosure, wouldn't you say?) Without further delay, the Master List:

1. Horrible, truly awful, front-page articles. Now, you might be saying to yourself, "Hey, I liked that article on Jack Layton!" You might even be saying to yourself, "Hey, I wrote that article on Jack Layton!" Indulge me, if you will, by allowing me to briefly outline the problems I had with this article:

a) God-awful title - Does "Cities Rising Up: The Political Economy of the First Urban Century" really grab one's attention? No one is going to read this - not even Environmental Science students (and we all know what they're like).

b) Who in the hell is Jack Layton? - Mr. Layton was evidently important enough to warrant a cover page on the University's most prestigious (HA) newspaper, and yet 'Ahkmed' (not the author's real name) never mentioned exactly who Mr. Layton is. Way to go, Ahkmed! Way to preserve the paper's reputation!

If you continue to assert the intelligence of the feature despite its deficiencies you obviously didn't read it, if you read it and still liked it, you obviously didn't understand it. And if you read it, understood it AND liked it, then chances are you wrote the article. (No offense, Ahkmed!)

2. Poetry. Lots of poetry. My main difficulty is not solely that there is a disproportio-

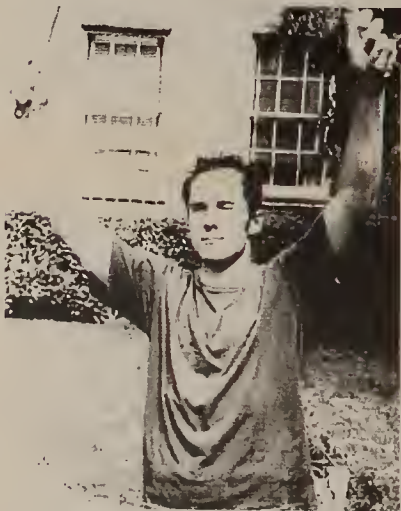
tionate amount of poetry. No, my chief criticism is that the poetry is, for lack of a better word, bad. Unusually bad. Care for an excerpt? "The bars of light upon the floor/ Describe the motion of the sun/ Illuminate the air within/ The poorly lit praeatorium." Right, well, at least he spelled "praeatorium" correctly. Want an example from another so-called poem? "Impaled with the sword, with blood all around/ I cried to be taken/ I had served Woman faithfully and well/ I was not to be forsaken!" Uh, what? Was he writing about a "killer D & D" game? Two full pages were wasted (yes, wasted) on this inanity. Even subway poetry is even better than this rubbish! To call this nonsensical drivel "poetry" is an insult and a dishonour to the timeless works of Wordsworth, Milton, Blake, Donne and the prolific poet-physician, Dr. Seuss.

3. Poor-Quality Ink. What can I say? - Just be sure not to touch your face after reading the paper. If you do, you might end up with bizarre black smudges on your face that bear a disconcertingly close resemblance to Hitler's proverbial Moustache.

I could continue listing reasons for why no one seems to read the *Herald* but I've been given an 800-word cap on the number of words this manifesto of prosaic genius can be. Naturally, you ask yourself "Why would the editors put an 800-word cap on Miriam's articles? Don't they know that her articles are the best thing about the paper? Don't they realize that she is a Divine being who leads us towards Spiritual Fulfillment and Self-Revelation? That she is an Enlightened creature whose Omniscent Wisdom offers us Insight into our Selves?" Evidently not, I guess they're too busy with the poetry.

Astonishing panorama of the term's end times

With this last issue of the Herald for the 2001-2002 school year, the Opinion Section Editor cannot help but present an opinion on the past five issues. This series of opinion sections was certainly better than those of the previous year, and therefore the editor fulfilled his promise from the September issue. More specifically, the amount of student involvement totally surpassed that of the previous year. However, the great increase in quantity was not complemented by a similar increase in quality. In fact, the editor was only completely satisfied with two student submissions (in regard to both content and form). One is Dan Hoyer's article this month, which is an impressively passionate and honest opinion of the importance of education and the apathy of students in our society. The other will not be named, so readers can speculate for themselves...



Triumph at the world series of barbaquing

As for this month, the editor decided to end the year with a bang. Figuratively. The result is evident in the visually stunning (perhaps even overwhelming) nature of these pages. This style of section is of course following in the footsteps of Innis Herald Alumni Ray Chan. This choice of format is also in part a response to the concerns of an Innis student who could not take the time to read any of the opinions presented, but noticed that Steven Jug wrote many of them (he had one photo and his name credited twice in February). This thoughtful comment brought to the Opinion editor's attention that the section could be doing more to cater to the mass media conditioned attention spans of many Innis students, since the long articles with complicated arguments could not be quickly read and understood.

If this incident is at all representative, Innis has not changed much over the past three years that the Opinion editor has been able to observe it. This year has obviously been a relative improvement, as the increased participation in the section (and the Herald generally) has demonstrated.

A Plea to the Lethargic

DAN HOYER

Wednesday, February 6th, 2002. I come home to my Innis College Residence, staggering and exhausted, at 5:45 in the afternoon. "Wow, you look tired man. What've you been up to?" comes the quiet, disinterested murmur of my suitemate. I had been at a rally and march protesting against the deregulation of tuition fees. I tell him so, somewhat arrogantly. He is not impressed. He wonders why I bothered, why I wasted my day, missed my classes.

I try to explain to him that it is not only a right, but, indeed, a necessity that our government offers affordable education to its citizens. That that is precisely the reason to have a government in the first place - to protect and guarantee our rights. I try to explain that because of some bogus need for our government to provide corporate and private tax breaks, because of a projected 3-billion dollar deficit in the province over the next couple of years, or for whatever classist reasoning, our provincial government representatives will deregulate tuition fees, allowing them to skyrocket. I try to explain that although some taxpayers, University officials, and the like are foaming at the mouth for this legislation to pass (they want the money to build a new athletic complex, including a much unneeded indoor, underground ice-rink), this change would eventually lead to only the rich being able to afford to attend University. And, as I try so desperately to convey, if only the rich can afford to go to University, then only the rich will go to University. And that's bad. That leaves everyone else properly screwed, relegated to some bizarre anachronistic peon class, unable to improve their minds, their stature in society, or to live the great American dream and 'move on up.'

I try to explain to my suitemate that we have to fight against this legislation, fight for not only our right to education but for the rights of all people; that we have to change our social contract with this government, because they are quite obviously not fulfilling their end of the deal. We have to picket and protest and yell and disrupt and march around in the freezing cold for hours on end and it doesn't matter how tired we get because we can't give up until justice is upheld and the rights of all people, even the children of the underprivileged proletariat, are preserved, and all people can get the education that they need, deserve, and are entitled to.

I was very enthusiastic at this point, nearly sweating with indignation and staggering under an awakening political consciousness. My suitemate, however, cared little for my speech. His dad is a wealthy businessman and can afford to pay whatever needs be. His dad votes Conservative, his dad's business partners vote Conservative, his dad's friends all vote Conservative. His dad has many friends. I vote NDP, and I do not have as many friends as my suitemate's dad does. And that means that the Conservative dream will continue to lead this province in an infinitely downward spiral, long after Mike what's-his-face is nothing more than a faint nightmare. But if we don't at least try to disrupt this cycle, fight it with absolutely everything we've got, then we have no right to complain - and I just hope that we can all look ourselves in the mirror when we have to work 2 jobs while going to school full-time, having done nothing to protect ourselves.

This diatribe is, of course, not directed at the conscientious young men and women who were at the protest on February 6th, and who will continue



This distinguished gentleman reacts to student apathy

to protest for as long as they have breath in them. It is, rather, directed at my suitemate and his lethargic fellow citizens who refuse to do anything to help themselves or others, who refuse to accept their responsibility as members of this society.

Now, I am not delusional, I know that of the few ears this article will fall on the vast majority will be deaf. All I ask, though, is for my suitemate to go up to the Janitor who cleans Convocation Hall and tell him that, unfortunately, because of the very government that represents him, his son won't be able to go to University, but that he should stay in good spirits and keep up the good work. Dan Hoyer is a 1st year Innis student studying Classics and Political Science.

"The first truth is that liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than the democratic state itself. That, in essence, is fascism; ownership of government by an individual, by a group, or by any other controlling power. Among us today a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing"

- Franklin Delano Roosevelt





"All the services that a citizen can render to the state he owes to it as soon as the sovereign demands them; but the sovereign, on its part, cannot impose on its subjects any burden which is useless to the community"

- Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Social Contract*, 1762

"There exists in the totality of the working masses many distinct wills: there is a communist will, a maximalist will, a reformist will, a liberal democratic will. There is even a fascist will, within a certain sense and within certain limits. So long as there exists a bourgeois regime, with a monopoly of the press in the hands of capitalism and thus the possibility of the government and political parties to impose political issues according to their interests, presented as the general interest, so long as the freedom of association and meetings of the working class are suppressed and restricted, so long as the most impudent lies against communism are diffused at will, it is inevitable that the working class will remain fragmented, that is with many different wills."

- Antonio Gramsci, 1925

"Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless... the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is [now] while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war, we shall be going downhill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to affect a due respect for their rights. The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

- Thomas Jefferson

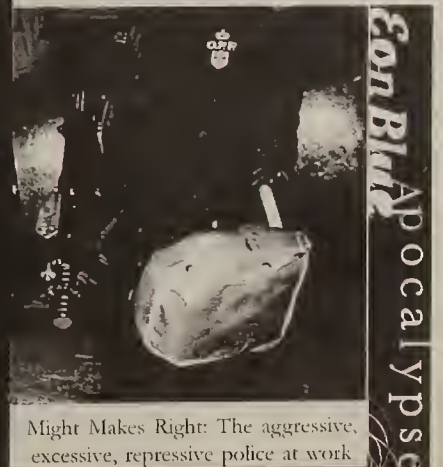
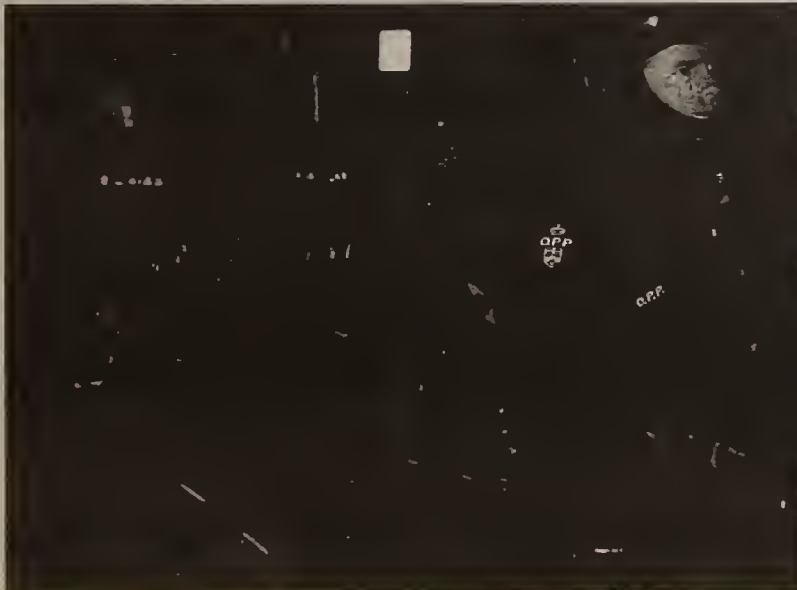
Police Fight Democracy, the Poor



I participated in the protest actions of Friday and Saturday, the 22nd and 23rd of March. I took photos on both days. Regrettably, I could not develop in time the images of police attacking protesters and dragging a young man who was unconscious and bloodied into a paddy wagon. The images I have presented are only of police, not the protest. I have done so to emphasize the needless deployment of literally hundreds of police to oppose a non-violent protest and squat in a derelict building. Police brutality was present, as were police blocking photographers, myself included. 2 million people protested in Rome on Saturday. That is democracy. Police states criminalize dissent. Check ontario.indymedia.org for more.



An appropriate response to free people in a free society?



Might Makes Right: The aggressive, excessive, repressive police at work

THE INNIS HERALD

Rationalization: Just an Illusion, or The Path To Truth?

F.J. KRYST

If every essay or article must begin with a thesis, I will assert that every belief we hold is a rationalization. The first rationalization recorded is the rationalization of creation, i.e. God. —We invented visions, prophets, miracles, & Ontological proofs, just so that we may hang on to this rationalized illusion.

Then, after the demise of God, we became wholly obsessed with objective methods of rationalization, i.e. Science.—a way in which we can predict & understand the world around us. The problem of course is that in the all too provable scientific method one must rely on a seemingly endless old findings, which he did not find for himself—these are the prejudiced bricks with which one must build his scientific shed on the top floor of the ever towering tower of knowledge. Another problem with science (—the reason our university is neglecting Freud—) is that no logical system can deal with the subject. Insofar as we are all human, we are all subjects, to whom nothing objective can be on any real use.

Julia MacArthur, to the best of my understanding, asks whether her intensely addicted enjoyment of coffee is a vice; habit becomes tradition becomes ritual. Does then obsession become addiction become vice? Is there really anything wrong with enjoying a vice?

Well, this is again a matter of rationalization, which is as twistable as rubber. Addiction is a neighbor of obsession—but vice doesn't even live in the same town! According to our current code of ethics addictions are wrong. Objectively, there is almost no arguing against that. However, one must look inside, and ask what is my goal—what is the meaning of *my* life? That eternal unanswerable question is at the bottom of everything—it is what directs our perspective, which in turn directs our rationalization. If we find a meaning to life in a goal (longevity, procreation, monetary profusion, or kissing God's ass) then that goal shapes our priorities & perspective. Almost any socially acceptable goal will oppose addiction—although when it comes to drugs that make us more efficiently awake for work such as coffee, society seems to have somewhat of a double standard, much like it does for drugs that are traditionally acceptable such as alcohol—. However, if one chooses to step back from acceptability and recount, one is all too likely to find pleasure to be only possible meaning to a human existence.

If we look at the traditional connotations of vice we find prostitution & drug dealing as the major vices. A vice is essentially something that is socially unacceptable/repressed. Such is the traditional attitude towards sexuality, addiction, & almost any form of social deformation. Almost everything that is enjoyable is prohibited either by state law or social decree. If we are liable to be punished for our actions, then we must be responsible. Well then, if we are regarded responsible, why aren't we even given responsibility over our own bodies?

If you truly find pleasure to be the only point, then I say go on inhaling & swallowing, snorting, injecting. But when the day comes, when you realize that you are ad-

dicted, shoulder the responsibility, don't cop out. You took that first drag or gulp; you are ultimately responsible. 'Tis the price of True Freedom.



Cherewaty & Glitterati III

STEVE BYZANTINE

Techie and Trond, 9/15/01

Techie I'm back. Sucka.

Trond oh shit I thought you were gone

Techie That's right. No more mackin' on my bitchez

Trond figs! It's not fair Techie!!! It's just not fair!!!

Techie That's the way the cookie crumbles, son. So what's happening at Innis?

Trond ha. Slept in. Went to lava lounge last night. It's was a pretty good time
I fell on the L-Fizz

Techie Nice buddy, nice. That L-Fizz is hot stuff. I actually talked to her on Thursday night. She told me that she is interested in politics. I kept a straight face. It was win-win. Of course, I didn't get any action like you, but I'm only one man.

Trond habah. Her interest in politics could be a two-sided sword if you know what I mean. It totally was an accident though; I bought her a shot to apologize. She seemed to think it was funny. Then I she came over and danced with me later. It was all right. Did you get E-Fizz's contact?

Techie That's solid. You should have brought the big mack attack to devastate her inhibitions. Just a thought. As for the E-Fizz, I did not. I know she wants to me get it thought. That and a whole lot more. Heh heh.

Trond whatever man

Techie you know it!

Trond so what are you up to today?

Techie Apparently I'm going to kick it downtown with those dirty hicks, but they might ditch me.



Rockulus shows he can still rock

Trond screw that, jive sucka. Man I slept in. I hate sleeping in. I still haven't showered or shaved
Techie You hairy monster you. So what about the E-Fizz's contact? Or am I getting ideas about your girl
Trond haha. We'll see. She's a little young, and she smokes a lot of pot. So you can have her
Techie Bling bling yo!

Trond Ha ha

Techie That's right. So did Jacko-booster go with you to the Lava Lounge?

Trond he was there

Techie I'm sure he had a blast, as he does at all public functions

Trond He was dancing a little bit, Showing his stuff

Techie Not too shabby. He got ta get props, yo.



"Fascism is none other than the union of the state with its corporate allies to enhance the mutual interests of both..."

- Benito Mussolini

"Advertising uses the images of a deeply desired social life that the market can't provide and link those to the things a market can provide... Society does not fall from heaven fully formed. It's made and constructed by ordinary people. Deep down, people know the world in which they live is not very satisfying because they're geared towards consumption. In America, people just work way too hard. Why? To buy stuff. What for? Because the market system has us believing happiness will come from it. Well, happiness doesn't come from it."

-Distinguished Communications Professor Sut Jhally, of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst



In the summer, students would do well to have a look at Indymedia.org for non-corporate views on world events. Or they can consume Adbusters magazine, if they would like to be hip and anti-corporate. The Opinion editor sees no reason why not to return, and is optimistic that the fall will bring further growth to the Innis population

and further interest in this paper. Thinking of the summer, he is reminded of what great men in great times would say: 'the worse, the better.'